

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 2, 1961 25 CENTS



**MARIS
OF THE YANKEES**



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Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** that go to our friends in the advertising business

October 2, 1961

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

As I was saying . . . one of the nicest parts of my job is that I get to ride the fast jets to faraway places, etc., etc. Matter of fact, after all these years, I'm almost getting used to it. But I did get a jolt this morning when I was awakened by the phone, picked it up, and heard a soft feminine voice (Chinese) saying: "It's 7:15, the temperature is 56 degrees."

And then I suddenly realized that I hadn't blundered onto a plane to the Far East in my sleep as I first thought. I was back again in one of my favorite hotels, in everybody's favorite city, San Francisco. And since I had just come from New York where for three weeks the THI ("discomfort index" they used to call it) had been around 80 (meaning "absolutely unbearable"), the news of the 56 degree temperature was an elevating experience. I am, like so many of you, wild about San Francisco.



The reason I'm here, by the way, is that this is the 14th city on the tour of our latest presentation which we call "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in Action." If you are one of the 3500 people who have already seen the show, you know that it dramatizes about 50 results stories, which range from the experience of a small shop selling \$500 chairs with a small ad costing \$150, to an insurance company's 117,000 coupon returns from a year's campaign.

"SI in Action" also recounts some of the reactions to our editorial pages, in the form of products introduced, crusades accomplished, and awards bestowed on us. And this morning's mail brought a news release of perhaps the most gratifying award yet:

New York City, New York, September 12

President and author John Fitzgerald Kennedy was named today as a winner of a nation-wide journalism and broadcasting award program for his article, "The Soft American," which appeared in the December 26, 1960 issue of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** magazine.

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(continued from preceding page)

The President's award is one of four sponsored annually by the American Machine & Foundry Company and the National Recreation Association to encourage and honor journalists and broadcasters who have helped create better understanding of programs in the field of physical recreation.

* * *

But let's talk about you, to use a phrase that's always served me well as a conversation stopper. I gather from the Business Roundup in the current issue of FORTUNE that for most of you, business is getting better and will be getting better even faster in the months to come.

Says FORTUNE:

The pertinent economic question facing the nation today is how soon in 1962 it will reach the limit of its capacity to produce, and how much demands on that capacity will need to be restrained. The 1961 boom is already speeding ahead of all predictions and the newest defense step-up has hastened the coming of the superboom.

* * *

Our business temperature is better too, thanks to the way so many of you have been increasing your orders for advertising in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. (How's that for the subtle Oriental touch?) In fact:

Incoming orders for national business during the last five weeks have been running 65% ahead of a year ago! And your orders for regional advertising are up 84%!!

As FORTUNE says: "The 1961 boom is already speeding ahead..." ; and apparently we're all in this together.

While figures like the above just make me greedy for that superboom that's on the way, I must confess that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has no right to complain about the way you treated us earlier this year when the economic picture wasn't quite so bright. We did quite well, as you know from reading these memos, and so, apparently, did some of our advertisers. Speaking of success, the results stories keep coming in too fast for us to include them in our show.

For example, our Cleveland Manager, Bill Clark, has just forwarded this letter from Bill Irwin, Advertising Manager of the Mohawk Rubber Company:

"I have just seen some first-half sales figures which were extremely interesting to me, and which I think will be equally interesting to you and your cohorts at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

"Figures show that the Mohawk Strato Chief—our premium tire—accounted for an impressive 20% of our passenger tire volume between January and June. This 20%

figure is particularly significant since it compares with an industry figure of about 8%, the average contribution of the premium tire to total tire volume.

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 18, Number 14

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$5.75 a year. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows:—Southern, SI-SSE, Midwest, MI-MSE, Western, WI-WSE, Special, SI-SSE.

Why it makes sense to go Crestliner...

SLEEK 'N SASSY, SAFE 'N SOUND



REGAL AND ROOMY—seats 6 in style, more with the Sun-Bunks down . . . room for ropes, skis, life belts, and picnic baskets as well!

This flashing "Del Rio" by Crestliner will run away with your heart the minute you step aboard. She is smart, staunch and steady—built rugged and carefree of hand laminated fiberglass! She'll keep you dry in the roughest chop . . . bank a tight corner without fuss . . . plane out flat with any outboard from 40 to 75 HP. (Top speed, if you want it, runs about 40 mph.)

Yet in spite of a reasonable price tag this Crestliner is fitted out in Imperial style. Foam cushions are trimmed in bronze and turquoise, leather-soft but tough to weather and wear. Forward seats convert to 6-foot Sun-Bunks. Generous storage space forward, aft and along both sides, keeps all your gear out of the way.

Nobody builds a boat like Crestliner. 32 handsome models: fiberglass, aluminum and royalite. See your Crestliner dealer about terms and trade-in allowances—this week!



"PERFORMANCE WHEEL"—gives the facts on loads, power, acceleration and planing speeds. See it, at your Crestliner dealer's.

Crestliner

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Next week

Carlton Mitchell and his yawl *Frontera*, the most successful combination in the whole history of ocean racing, rediscover the simple delights of a lazy cruise along Chesapeake Bay.

Known for its automobiles, its architecture and its affluence, the Italian city of Torino is discovered, in words and in color pictures, as a smart and lively center of sports activities.

An edge in pricing may swing the World Series to the Cincinnati Reds. Walter Bingham scouts the staff and assesses its chances against Yankee power hitters in both stadiums.





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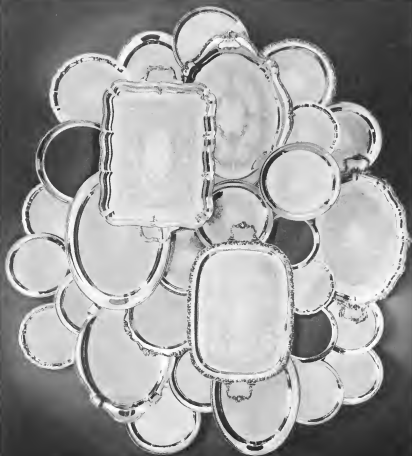
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POINT OF FACT

A special World Series quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of fans and armchair experts

? The modern World Series began in 1903. What team won that first Series?

• The Red Sox, trailing the Pirates three games to one, took four straight to win the best-of-eight-game Series (The only other Series played under these rules were in 1919, 1920 and 1921.)

? So far, there have been 246 World Series home runs. What player hit the first one?

• Jimmy Sebrung, the right fielder of the Pirates, started it all with a homer off Cy Young in the first game of the 1903 Series.

? How many years elapsed before the first pinch-hit home run was hit?

• Forty-four. Yogi Berra did it in the third game of the 1947 Series against the Dodgers. Since then there have been eight more pinch-hit homers.

? Has any player hit a home run in his first World Series at bat?

• Yes, three. Dusty Rhodes of the New York Giants in 1954 (he pinch-hit in the 10th inning to win the opening game against the Indians), Elston Howard in 1955 against the Dodgers, and Roger Maris in 1960 against the Pirates.

? The Yankees have won the most World Series (18). What team lost the most Series?

• The New York Giants (9).

continued



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POINT OF FACT *continued*

? *What team has never won a World Series?*

• The Philadelphia Phillies. The Phils lost to the Red Sox, four games to one, in 1915 and to the Yankees in four straight games in 1950. The old St. Louis Browns appeared only once in a World Series (1944) and lost, four games to two, to the Cardinals.

? *Only one Philly pitcher ever won a Series game? Who was he?*

• Grover Cleveland Alexander beat the Red Sox 3-1 in the opening game of the 1915 Series.

? *Who was the youngest player to appear in the World Series?*

• Freddie Lindstrom was the Giants' starting third baseman in the 1924 Series at the age of 18.

? *Lefty Gomez has a 6-0 record in World Series competition. Has any pitcher won more games?*

• Yes, and all, like Gomez, are Yankees. Red Ruffing and Allie Reynolds were both 7-2, while Whitey Ford has a 7-4 record.

? *What pitcher has the most Series starts?*

• Whitey Ford. He has started 14 games in seven World Series.

? *Who pitched the most complete games?*

• Christy Mathewson had 10 complete games out of 11 starts in four World Series. He won five of them (four by shutouts), had one 11-inning tie and lost four. Three of the shutouts came within six days in the 1905 Series. His complete-game losses were by 3-2 in 11 innings, 3-2 in 10 innings, 2-1 and 3-1 in nine innings.

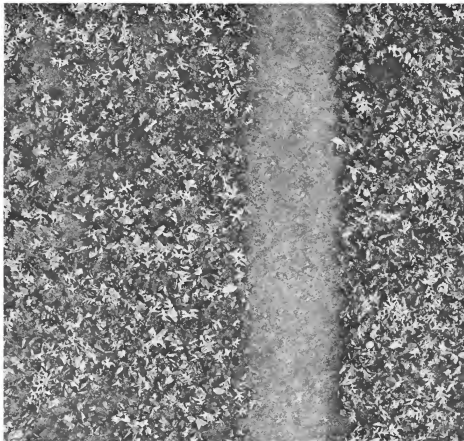
? *Who pitched the longest complete Series game?*

• Babe Ruth, then with the Red Sox, won a 14-inning, 2-1 game from the Dodgers in 1916.

? *Who is the only player to steal home twice?*

• Bob Meusel of the Yankees did it against the Giants in 1921 and the Cardinals in 1928.

continued



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POINT OF FACT *continued*

? Has any player ever stolen three bases in one Series game?

• Yes, Honus Wagner in the third game of the 1909 Series against the Tigers.

? What two players have the highest lifetime World Series batting averages?

• Frank (Home Run) Baker hit .363 in six Series with the Athletics and Yankees. Lou Gehrig of the Yankees batted .361 in seven World Series.

? Who has the highest batting average for one World Series?

• Babe Ruth batted .625 against the Cardinals in 1928. He had four singles, three doubles and three home runs in 16 at bats during the four-game Series.

? Twice a player has hit three home runs in one game. Who did it?

• Babe Ruth against the Cardinals in 1926 and 1928.

? Elmer South of Cleveland hit the first Series grand-slam home run in 1920. Who hit the six grand slamners since then?

• Tony Lazzeri in 1916, Gil McDougald in 1951, Mickey Vernon in 1953, Yogi Berra and Bill Skowron in 1956 and Bobby Richardson last year. All, of course, are Yankees.

? Has any team ever won a World Series after losing the first three games?

• No, but four teams have won after losing the first two games—the Giants in 1921, the Dodgers in 1955, the Yankees in 1956 and the Yankees in 1958.

? What team scored the most runs in one inning?

• The Philadelphia Athletics were losing 8-0 to the Cubs when they came to bat in the bottom of the seventh inning in the fourth game of the 1929 World Series. The A's sent 15 men to bat, got 10 hits and scored 10 runs to win 10-8.

? Which league leads in World Series wins?

• The American League, 35 World Series titles to 22 for the National League.

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SCORECARD

CHILDISH PROFESSIONALS

For absolute childishness we offer you the case of the nation's two major professional football leagues. Last week, as 374,876 paying patrons showed up at four American Football League and seven National Football League games, most of the teams in the NFL refused to report the progress of games in the AFL, and vice versa.

As if this was not silly enough, radio and TV announcers for each league wasted much valuable air time demeaning the caliber of play in the other league. At the rate things are going, you may turn on the TV some week and hear the AFL referred to as "Brand X" and the NFL as "the seventy-cent" league. This is all foolishness. The fan is not interested in the intramural infighting. Let football take a lead from baseball and keep its fans fully informed. In the long run this will be best for everybody—especially the pros.

ELECTRONIC TOUT

Apropos of Roger Maris' mission, we wouldn't want to be in the shoes of Casey, the IBM electronic computer that declined in August that Roger's chances of slamming 61 home runs in 154 games were 55 out of 100. Bettors who were touted onto the action by Casey and who accepted those odds lost \$55 for every attempt to win \$45 and are presumably wasting to dry-gulch him if he ever trundles out of his private room. But it may not be Casey's fault; perhaps he wasn't programmed for the high, outside pitches of September.

RUIN-IT-YOURSELF

Madison Square Garden has the world's best carpenters. They can change a frozen hockey rink into a wooden basketball court in 6½ hours, and change *that* into a fight arena in 2½ hours more. So last Friday everybody showed up at the Garden around 9 o'clock for the start of the big Six-Day Bike Race, but all they saw was about half a bicycle track strewn with random bits of lumber and the world's greatest carpenter

It seems that the carpenters had put the track together in sections down in the basement, and when they took it upstairs for assembly it didn't fit. Somebody had put a lot of clockwise-type boards in counterclockwise.

Well, they hammered and they sawed and they banged and they carried on (at \$9.50 an hour), while the bike riders dozed and polished their machines, drunks and kids made forays out onto the track, a brass band played, and at least one fallible do-it-yourselfer looked on with infinite relish. At midnight the track was still cluttered, and practically everybody went home. The big Six-Day Bike Race is now a five-day race.

YOUR MOVE, COMMISSIONER

Baltimore's Jim Gentile hit a grand slam homer off Don Larsen in Chicago one rainy night last week. At 12.20 a.m. the A.P. reported: "Gentile walloped his fifth grand slam of the season to tie the major league record set by Ernie Banks of the Cubs in 1955." This was straight from the record book and incontrovertibly true, but it was an hour and 28 minutes before the A.P. remembered that these are exceptional times. It hastily sent out a message which read: "Gentile's record-tying grand slam came in Baltimore's 156th game. Since Commissioner Ford Frick ruled that New York's Roger Maris would have to hit 60 home runs in 154 games to tie Babe Ruth's record, it became questionable whether Gentile's homer would be considered in tying Banks' record. It now is another problem for Frick to solve."

It certainly is. And while you are about it, Commissioner, maybe you can find time to rule on dozens of other entries in baseball's record books which will become meaningless or puzzling after your decision to temper statistics with sentiment.

INSIDE LEFT OUT

When five Hungarian newsmen arrived in Madrid last week to cover a European Cup soccer match between Vasas of Budapest and Real Madrid, they had to

face a terrible problem in journalistic technique, Iron Curtain-style. Ferenc Puskas, a Hungarian refugee, was playing inside left for Real—and for real. But there wasn't supposed to be any Ferenc Puskas. The Hungarian government's official line is that he was killed trying to escape several years ago.

Officials traveling with the team warned the writers that they'd be wise to kind of not mention Puskas in their stories. Real won 3-1, and the anxious journalists were able to breathe a collective sigh of relief. Puskas, just as emotionally disturbed as the newsmen, played poorly and didn't score.

SAVE OUR MONSTERS

Nature lovers will be pleased to hear that the monster of Bassenthwaite is still frolicking and gambolling in freedom, despite the best efforts of some British scientists to do the poor thing in. The monster lives in Lake Bassenthwaite in the vicinity of Cumberland, England and is reportedly 13 feet long, with three humps and a head like a python's. Two weeks ago knife-welding skin-divers from the



Sellafield atomic station made a search of the 70-foot-deep lake, and found nothing but six golf balls, a fishing rod and an eel. Mr. J. Moffat of Thornthwaite, who says he has seen the monster from as close as 15 feet, announced: "I am still convinced it is in there. If I catch it I shall make sure it is put back." Thanks to conservation-minded men like Mr. Moffat, there will always be a good supply of monsters.

CHI CHI THE GREAT

"In two years, Señor," said Chi Chi Rodriguez to *Seattle Times* Sportswriter Bill Prochnau, "I will be the greatest golfer in all the world." Munching vitamins the way some primitives chew betel

continued



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APRPEGE

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SCORECARD *continued*

nuts, the 116-pound, 5-foot-7 26-year-old (whose given name is Juan Antonio) makes continuous antic hay on a golf course. He whistles while he plays pro tournaments with a set of women's clubs. He shouts across the fairway at players and spectators. When he sinks a putt, Chi Chi gallops to the cup, takes off his straw hat and covers the cup, then peeks eagerly under the brim. "Si, it is still there," he exclaims.

To date Chi Chi has taken in \$4,000 playing his brand of golf, but he is certain that within two years he will be the leading money winner. His ambition is to return to his native Puerto Rico and teach little boys to play golf. "They like to have money for candy, you know," he says. Chi Chi himself was a caddy when he was 5 years old and so poor he had no candy. After caddying, he was a bower and then a "great" baseball pitcher.

"Tell the girls to write Chi Chi a letter," he told Prochnau. "I want to have babies, many babies. I will make one a golfer, one a baseball player, one a football player. But most of all, you know what I want? I want one boy to be heavy-weight champion of the world." He is looking for a "beeg, beeg girl." RSVP.

NO SECRETS, PLEASE

"All I know," said New York Titan Quarterback Al Dorow, rubbing his jaw, "is that Ramsey [Buster Ramsey, the coach of the AFL's Buffalo Bills] hit me hard. How hard? Hard enough to knock me off my feet." Dorow, one of the American Football League's leading passers, was recalling an incident during the Bills-Titans game two weeks ago. "I was out of bounds—10 yards out of bounds—when Richie McCabe of the Bills tackled me. I threw the ball at his face because it is senseless for a guy to tackle you 10 yards out of bounds. Maybe I shouldn't have thrown the ball at him; the tension gets you sometimes. But a coach slugging you? Wow!"

The incident in Buffalo was the first genuine controversy the AFL has had, and last week charges and countercharges filled the air. When the Titans viewed their exchange copy of the game film, provided by the Bills, they saw Ramsey starting after Dorow and then—presto—fadeout. When the Titans went to the American Broadcasting Company to look at the kinescope of the game—presto—no kinescope.

Through all the uproar, AFL Commissioner Joe Foss refused public comment, contented himself with sending a private letter (contents not divulged) to Ramsey, who in turn announced sarcastically, "I received a very nice letter." This cloak-and-dagger approach would be laughable if it were not so unfair to the fans. They deserve to know exactly what punishment—if any—was meted out to Ramsey for what appeared to be a disgraceful and unsportsmanlike act. Such public misbehavior calls for strong and public punishment.

BYE-BYE, WITH PLEASURE

A baseball game in Los Angeles last week marked the end of an era of distortion. Some 12,000 fans turned up to see the Dodgers play the Cubs. It was—thank goodness—the last major league game to be played in the Memorial Coliseum.

Unfortunately, it will not be easy to forget the Coliseum. It was built for football, but Dodger Owner Walter O'Malley squeezed a diamond into it, put up a preposterous fence in the short left field, and invited Angelinos to what he laughingly called "baseball." A record 78,672 turned up for the first game in 1958. A year later 93,103 paid to see the Dodgers play an exhibition game against the Yankees, a record which may never be broken. In fact, almost every National League attendance record is held by the Coliseum.

Both Los Angeles teams move now to Chavez Ravine, which seats a mere 56,000, but where *baseball* will be played. To the glorious old Coliseum, we say *ball* and farewell and good riddance.

GOD'S CENTER FIELDER

Until Billy Graham came along, the most successful American evangelist was Billy Sunday, who was also one of the best players in the early years of baseball. The story of this personal transformation from the diamond to the tabernacle, via a few saloons, is told in detail in a new biography, *The Billy Sunday Story*, by Dr. Lee Thomas, an evangelist himself.

Sunday started playing baseball for the Marshalltown, Iowa team, and his razzle-dazzle base running soon made him a local celebrity. "Cap" Anson, captain of the old Chicago White Stockings, gave him a job, and big league fans got to like his daring, speed and geniality. But Billy was dissatisfied with his life and took to drink. Sauntering out of a saloon one Sunday afternoon in the fall of 1886, he heard his mother's

continued

JACKETS SHOWN: LEFT: 65% "Dacron"™ polyester fiber, 35% rayon. RIGHT: 65% "Dacron"™ polyester fiber, 35% cotton. PILE LININGS: 100% "Orlon"™ acrylic fiber. BACKINGS: 50% triacetate, 50% acetate. *The Pile lining is made by the Pile Lining Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.



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It's this: You see the extra dryness in a Martini made with Seagram's Extra Dry Gin. The glint of amber color that nature imparts to this gin assures you that unwanted sweetness and perfumery are removed. Result: A tangy extra dry taste that you discover when you sip the amber, delicious Seagram Martini. Obviously made with SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN.



favorite song, *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?*, waited from a rescue mission. He went in and got religion. As his biographer puts it: "The Lord went out to the baseball diamond, tapped a young center fielder on the shoulder, and said, 'Billy Sunday, I want you to play ball for Me.'" Billy signed up.

The first game he played after that was with Detroit. The score was 3-2 in favor of Chicago in the last half of the ninth. Detroit had men on second and third. The batter hit a high drive to the outfield. "I turned my back to the ball and ran," Sunday wrote later. "I could run one hundred yards in ten seconds flat. As I raced I offered up a prayer, something like this, 'Oh, Lord, if You ever helped me, please help me now to get that ball. And You haven't much time to make up Your mind.'"

Sunday made the catch.

He got out of his contract in 1892, and thereafter, until his death 43 years later, did the work of an evangelist, talking to 100 million people and bringing millions down the sawdust trail. His style of preaching was as exuberant as his ballplaying. He could box with a heckler as well as quote the Gospel. When questioned about St. Augustine, he replied: "He didn't play in the National League. I don't know him." When his health began to fail, he used to say to his friends: "I'm on third base, waiting to go on home." He went home in 1935.

THEY SAID IT

- New York Titans Coach Sammy Baugh, scolding a back who sprinted ahead of his interference during practice: "Just play like you do in a game, son. Loaf a little."
- K. Gill Shaffer, Albuquerque Civic Auditorium board member, when asked to decide between two wrestling promoters: "We can't get involved in arguments among the arts."
- Blackie Sherrod, sports editor of *The Dallas Times Herald*, picking Baylor to win the Southwest Conference football championship: "The Bears haven't pulled this trick since shortly before the Protestant Reformation."
- Paul Richards, new Houston Colts general manager, discussing the month his club spent scouting National League talent which will be made available in the player pool in October: "The guys we're going to get aren't playing; they're sitting back there in the shade." **END**



THE EAGLE

Here's an entirely new center crease silhouette with a subtle, pre-shaped pinch front that gives a man new distinction. Accented with a handsome eagle ornament giving a stylish touch to the harmonizing band. Even the color choice is new: Moss Tan, Moss Blue and Moss Grey. Other Lee styles from \$9.95 to \$25.00.



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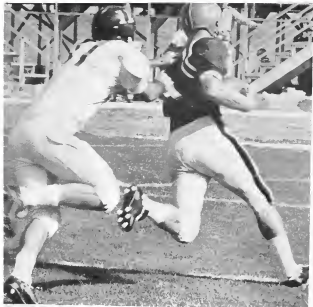
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REBEL

Big and polished, the fierce footballers of Ole Miss won their first game handily from Arkansas, convincing some they may become the U.S.'s best

by ROY TERRELL

Photograph by Marvin E. Newman



SCORING FIRST TOUCHDOWN, OLE MISS



YELL FOR 1961

There was a time, not so many years ago, when the University of Arkansas would open its football season by joyously slaughtering East Central Oklahoma or Pittsburg State Teachers or the College of the Ozarks in the serene foothills that surround Fayetteville. It was not very joyous or serene for East Central Oklahoma and the other victims, of course, but that is the way most big colleges operated in those days. Warm-ups, they were called.

Today hardly anyone warms up any more, and in recent years Arkansas has been opening against Oklahoma State or Tulsa, and it has been winning Southwest Conference championships, which

it seldom used to do. But last Saturday, to open the 1961 season, Arkansas stepped up yet another notch in class, and, as it turned out, Arkansas stepped into a bear trap. By the time the Razorbacks had escaped Jackson, Miss. they were ready to settle for the College of the Ozarks again. For Mississippi had joyously slaughtered Arkansas, losing its shirt (left and below) but winning its game, 16-0.

Played before a sellout crowd in the gleaming new 46,000-seat Mississippi Memorial Stadium, this was the first big game of the year and figured to be one of the most attractive. Mississippi was 1960 champion of the Southeastern Con-

ference, Arkansas the champion of the Southwest. Mississippi, unbeaten, had been named the best college team in America by one postseason poll; Arkansas was ranked seventh by two others and both were reported to be loaded again. Mississippi had lost an All-American quarterback, Jake Gibbs, but with the kind of boys Johnny Vaught entices to Ole Miss, big and rough as riverboat deckhands, even an All-America is hardly missed. Arkansas, with the dazzling Lance Alworth at halfback and two superb quarterbacks in George McKinney and Billy Moore, expected to have its best offensive team in history.

Finally, this was to be the last game of

continued

END WOODY DARRS LEAVES HIS JERSEY (LEFT AND BELOW) IN THE DESPERATE GRASP OF ARKANSAS DEFENDER GEORGE MCKINNEY



a long and rarely peaceful rivalry that stretched back to 1908. Each team had won 12 games in the series, although Arkansas claimed that it had won 13, since an ineligible player named Little Joe Evans took part in Mississippi's 1914 win. In 1938 Wild Bill Schneller intercepted an Arkansas pass and returned it 45 yards for the winning touchdown. This would have been bad enough, since Arkansas was favored but, nearing the goal line, Schneller turned and thumbed his nose at the pursuing Porkers. This led to intersquad fistcuffs.

Last year Mississippi won 10-7 in the last three seconds on the most controversial single play of the 1960 season—a 39-yard field goal which every citizen of the state of Arkansas will swear on his deathbed carved foul by three feet. After the game, usually mild-mannered Coach Frank Broyles of Arkansas made several remarks about officiating, which led to a reprimand from the Southwest Conference. He also swore that he would never play Mississippi again after 1961, when the present four-year contract was scheduled to run out. Unfortunately for Broyles, it didn't run out soon enough.

There were three major factors contributing to Arkansas's defeat last Saturday. First, strangely enough, the weather in Fayetteville had been too cold for southern football. On the Thursday before the game Broyles looked out of his office at the lovely 60° day and shook his head. "I've never run into this before," he said. "It's actually such nice weather that we can't make the kids sweat. We've been practicing for a month and we haven't tired a boy out yet. And how hot do you suppose it's going to be over there in Jackson on Saturday, 105 degrees?" It was only 90.

The second item was the complete loss of Moore, who hurt a knee in scrimmages a week before the opener and was unable to play a down. McKinney is Arkansas's senior quarterback, a fine passer and a tremendous pressure player, but there are those in the Southwest Conference who consider Moore, a dashing, twisting runner, much the more dangerous of the two. As a pair, they make a beautiful team. Alone, McKinney had more than he could handle, particularly when forced to play almost every minute of a long, hot afternoon.

Finally, and not exactly incidentally, Ole Miss had a better team. "I don't like to say this," said Broyles before the

game, "but that field goal last year really had very little to do with our discontinuing the series after this year. Mississippi is just too big and too deep and too rough. They wear you out and leave you in bad shape for your conference games. Even if we beat them, it doesn't mean anything in the Southwest Conference. All that counts down here is beating Texas and Baylor and Rice."

Johnny Vaught has indeed built a magnificent football dynasty at Ole Miss (SI, Sept. 19, 1960). His record, going into his 15th year at Oxford, was 110 victories, 29 defeats and seven ties, second only to Bud Wilkinson among the nation's major college coaches. He has lost only three games while winning 29 in the last three years. His boys are recruited almost entirely from the state of Mississippi and, just as Broyles says, they are big and fast and rough. With such material, hardly anyone would blame Vaught for overpowering the teams on his schedule, smashing their tackles and guards into insensibility in order to gain three and four yards a play. But Vaught, a gambler, doesn't play the game that way. "He goes for the big play, he tries to kill you quick," says Broyles. "His defense is the same way. Most college teams play a containing defense; Mississippi attacks 90% of the time. They're always waiting across that line on one foot ready to come after you. They force you. They may guess wrong and give you 15 yards on a play that is supposed to gain only four, but the next time they knock you back 10 yards when you try the same thing. Mississippi doesn't play tag out there. They come after you."

From shadow to substance

On Saturday the big Rebel line—in fact three big Rebel lines—went after Arkansas early and never let up. And Ole Miss also discovered that it didn't really miss Jake Gibbs so much after all. Doug Elmore stepped out of Gibbs's shadow after two years and you could hardly tell the difference.

Elmore is 6 feet tall and weighs 190 pounds. He is not as tricky as Gibbs but he is stronger, and if he is a less capable passer, you couldn't have guessed it Saturday. His quarterbacking was poised and often brilliant. Elmore and that Ole Miss line went straight to a touchdown the first time they had the ball. Elmore sent his halfbacks through tackle and around end for eight and six yards. He kept once himself for 10 and then threw a 35-yard touchdown pass to End

Woody Dabbs for the score. Wes Sullivan kicked the point and Ole Miss led 7-0 after three minutes and six plays.

Arkansas could do nothing in the first quarter. In the second Alworth broke over right tackle on one 24-yard run and eventually the Razorbacks reached the Mississippi 24. There McKinney fumbled on first down, and Arkansas was never to get so close again.

Mississippi scored again before the half, Sullivan booting a field goal from the 17 after Elmore completed two passes and ran once for 28 yards on a quick keeper through left guard. And the Rebels scored again midway through the third quarter when Elmore crossed up the Arkansas defense by running his halfbacks through a Razorback line which, outweighed 15 pounds to the man, was beginning to droop like day-old spaghetti under the pounding of the huge Ole Miss forwards and the blazing sun. One of the halfbacks, Art Doty, scrambled a yard over right guard for the touchdown.

That was all of the scoring, although Mississippi's sophomores gave another opportunity away in the fourth quarter when, after a hasty consultation, they refused a penalty that would have placed the ball on the Arkansas two-yard line, third down. Instead, they took the play, which left them on the Arkansas one-yard line on fourth down. The Razorbacks stopped the one play. "Sophomores!" said Vaught later, shaking his head. He might not have grinned if the score hadn't been 16-0. Of course, he might not have played sophomores, either.

Vaught was particularly pleased that Mississippi had stopped Alworth with only 51 yards rushing in nine carries. Alworth, a handsome, friendly young man who can run 100 yards in 9.6 seconds, is from Mississippi and once thought that he would go to school there. But there was some confusion over a Johnny Vaught rule which bars married men from receiving Ole Miss football scholarships (Alworth was married, so they offered him a baseball scholarship instead, to get around the rule), and Alworth ended up at Arkansas. Even though he didn't exactly tear the Ole Miss line apart, Arkansas would have been in sad shape without him. The next best Arkansas ball carrier gained only 13 yards for the entire afternoon. Alworth punted four times for a 42-yard average, including an amazing 73-yarder that sailed over the heads of both Mississippi safety men. He also returned three Mississippi kickoff for 73 yards with his



FOOLED AND FLYING, ARKANSAS END JIMMY COLLIER GRABS AT HELMET OF DOUG ELMORE, WHO HAD FAKED A PASS ON ROLLOUT

beautiful, spurting runs, and Vaught would love to have Alworth now, no matter what he says.

But Alworth alone was no match for that Mississippi line. The latter held Arkansas to 92 yards rushing while smashing holes through which its own backs poured for 259. And it hounded McKinney so unmercifully that the Arkansas quarterback could get only nine

passes away, and of these could complete only two. Meanwhile Elmore was running for 61 yards in seven carries, completing five of six passes for 81 yards and calling a masterful game. If Mississippi hadn't been penalized an almost unbelievable 160 yards, the game might have turned into a genuine rout.

The day before the game Mississippi trotted out for a final light drill, and a

member of the ABC television crew whistled in amazement at the team's size. "They wouldn't look so big without those pads," another TV man said.

"Pads?" said the first. "They're not wearing pads."

Mississippi might be just big enough to become national champions again. None of the Arkansas players are going to argue with you on that. **END**

PURSUIT OF NO. 60: THE ORDEAL OF ROGER MARIS

When he hit his 59th home run of the season in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium one night last week, Roger Maris stood one swing away from baseball's household god, George Herman Ruth. For the entire previous month, as he pursued the magic mark of 60, Maris lived under suffocating, unrelenting pressure—pressure such as no ballplayer has ever had to endure, not even Babe Ruth himself. Throughout most of that month Roger Kahn, on assignment from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, was an unobtrusive but constant observer of Maris' triumph and trials. Here is his story.

by ROGER KAHN

Someone has described Roger Maris as "the most typical ballplayer in the world." Like all generalizations, the description is incomplete, but it is a starter. Beyond anything else, Maris is a professional baseball player. His speech, his mannerisms, his attitudes, derive from the curious society that is a ball club. But into this society he has brought an integrity that is entirely his own, a fierce, combative kind of integrity that is unusual in baseball as it would be unusual anywhere. It is the integrity, and his desperate effort to retain it, that has made the ordeal of Roger Maris a compelling and disturbing thing to behold.

Maris is handsome in an unconventional way. Perhaps the most arresting feature of his face is the mouth. The points of his upper lip curl toward his nose, creating the effect of a cupid's bow. He smiles easily, on cue. When one of the blur of photographers covering him orders, "Come on, a nice smile," the response is quick. Then as soon as the picture is taken, the smile vanishes. This knack—the forced unforced smile—is common enough among chorus girls, but not among ballplayers who, after all, are not in the smiling business. It is the only public relations device that Maris has mastered completely.

When Maris is angry or annoyed or upset, the mouth changes into a grim

slash in a hard face. His nose is somewhat pointed, his cheekbones rather high, and the face under the crew-cut brown hair can become menacing. Since Maris' speech is splattered with expletives common among ballplayers, some observers form an unfortunate first impression. They see a hard-looking, tough-talking man and assume that is all there is to see.

Maris' build bespeaks sports. He was an outstanding right halfback at Shanley High School in Fargo, N. Dak. and he might have played football at Oklahoma "except during the entrance exams I decided not to." He is a strong 6 footer of 197 pounds, with muscles that flow, rather than bulge. He would be hard to stop on the two-yard line.

At bat he is unobtrusive, until he hits the ball. He walks to the plate briskly, pumps his 33-ounce bat once or twice and is ready. He has none of the idiosyncrasies—Musta's hip wiggle, Colavito's shoulder shake—by which fans like to identify famous sluggers. Nor does he, like Ruth and Mantle, hit home runs of 500 feet. By his own estimate, "If I hit it just right, it goes about 450 feet, but they don't give you two homers for hitting one 800 feet, do they?" His swing is controlled and compact. He uppercuts

continued

GRIN, WEARY Maris, pained between a wall and the press, waits to field a question.

Photograph by Neil Leifer



the ball slightly and his special talent is pulling the ball. Maris can pull any pitch in the strike zone. Only one of his homers has gone to the left of center field.

His personality is unfinished; it is easy to forget that he has just turned 27 and only recently become a star. He may change now, as his life changes, as his world grows larger than a diamond, but at the moment he is impetuous, inclined to gripe harmlessly and truthful to a fault.

Recently a reporter, preparing an article for high school students, asked, "Who's your favorite male singer?"

"Frank Sinatra," Maris said.

"Female singer?"

"I don't have a favorite female singer."

"Well," the reporter said, "would it be all right if I wrote Doris Day?"

"How could you write Doris Day when I tell you I don't have a favorite?" Maris said, mystified by the ways of some journalists.

In Detroit after Maris hit his 57th home run off the façade of the roof in right center field, Al Kaline picked up the ball and threw it toward the Yankee dugout.

"Wasn't that nice of Kaline?" a reporter asked.

"Anybody would have done it," Maris said. "It was nice of Kaline, but any ballplayer would have done it."

In Chicago someone asked if he really wanted to break Ruth's record. "Damn right," Maris said, neglecting to pay the customary fealty to the Babe.

"What I mean is," the reporter said, "Ruth was a great man."

"Maybe I'm not a great man," Maris said, "but I damn well want to break the record."

Later Rogers Hornsby suggested a pitching pattern to stop Maris. "Throw the first two inside and make him foul them," Hornsby said, "then come outside so he can't pull. It would be a shame if Ruth's record got broken by a .270 hitter."

"—Hornsby," Maris said. "They been trying that on me all year and you see how it works."

This is an era of image makers and small lies, and such candor is rare and apparently confusing. Newspapers have been crowded with headlines beginning MARIS BLASTS—which is a bad phrase. He doesn't blast, he answers questions. Fans, some rooting for Ruth's memory but others responding to the headlines,

have booed Maris repeatedly. "Hey, Maris," someone shouted in Chicago, "the only thing you got in common with Ruth is a belly." In Baltimore, fans called, "You'll choke up on your glove." It has been a difficult time for Maris and a bad time for truth.

Every day Maris has been surrounded before and after games by 10 or 15 newspapermen. Necessarily many questions are repeated endlessly. Inevitably some of Maris' answers are misinterpreted. Occasionally taste vanishes.

"Do you play around on the road?" a magazine writer asked.

"I'm a married man," Maris said.

"I'm married myself," the writer said, "but I play around on the road."

"That's your business," Maris said.

A reporter from Texas asked if Maris would rather bat 300 or hit 60 home runs, and a reporter in Detroit wanted to know if a right-hander's curve broke in on him. ("I would suppose so," Maris said with controlled sarcasm, "seeing that I bat left.") But aside from such extremes, most of the questions have not been either very good or very bad. What they have been is multitudinous.

Hurt and angry

Under this pressure, which is both the same as and distinct from the actual pursuit of Ruth, Maris has made four mistakes. A wire service carried a story in late August quoting Maris as saying that he didn't care about the record, that all he wanted was the money 61 homers meant. "I don't think I said that," Maris says, "and I know I didn't say it like it came out." Then, in the space of 10 September days, he criticized the fans at Yankee Stadium, the calls of Umpire Hank Soar and, finally, hurt and angry, refused to meet the press after a double-header in Detroit.

"An unfortunate image," comments Hank Greenberg, who as Cleveland general manager signed Maris for a \$15,000 bonus in 1952. "I know him, and he's just a boy. They get him talking and he says things maybe you don't say to reporters. The year I hit 58 [1938] the fans got pretty rough. Drunks called me Jew bastard and kike, and I'd come in and sound off about the fans. Then the next day I'd meet a kid, all popped to be shaking my hand, and I'd know I'd been wrong. But the writers protected me then. Why aren't the writers protecting Maris now?"

Even if they chose to, reporters could not "protect" Maris because Maris is

being covered more intensely than any other figure in sports history. Not Ruth, or Dempsey, or Tilden, or Jones was ever subjected to such interviewing and shadowing for so sustained a period. No one can protect Maris; he must protect himself. But to do this, he would have to duck questions, and tell half-truths, and both are contrary to his nature. Such is his dilemma. Obscurity is the only cure.

Roger Maris talks softly and clearly, but he is not a phrase maker. He is not profound. He is a physical man, trying to adjust to a complex psychological situation. This day he is wearing a tomato-colored polo shirt, and he is smoking one of the cigarettes he is paid to endorse.

He is asked what word he would use to describe all the attention he has received.

He thinks for a moment and says, "Irritating. I enjoy ball sessions with the guys [reporters]. But this is different, the questions day after day, the big story. I say a guy [Hank Soar] missed a few. I've always said it. Now it's in the papers, and it comes out like I'm asking for favors. I'm saying—a touch of anger colors his voice—"call a strike a strike and call a ball a ball, but in the papers it appears like I'm looking for favors."

About the people he meets? "Mostly they're inconsiderate. The fans, they really get on me. Rip me, my family, everything. I like to eat in the Stage [a Jewish delicatessen in New York] and it's got so bad I can't eat there. I can't get a mouthful of food down without someone bothering me. They even ask for autographs at Mass."

Now he is talking more easily, going from topic to topic at the drop of a word. Like this:

Babe Ruth: "Why can't they understand? I don't want to be Babe Ruth. He was a great ballplayer. I'm not trying to replace him. The record is there and damn right I want to break it, but that isn't replacing Babe Ruth."

Oldtimers, generally: "It gets me sore, they keep comparing me to Ruth, running me down, and I'm not trying to be Ruth. It gets me damn sore."

Money: "I want enough for me and my family but I don't really care that much for money. I want security, but if I really cared about money I'd move to New York this winter, wouldn't I? That's where the real money is, isn't

is? But I'm not moving to New York."

Frank Scott, the agent, who declared that Maris could earn \$500,000 by hitting 60 homers in 154 games: "It's a business relationship between Scott and me, that's all. He lines up something good, and I say O.K."

Fame: "It's good and it's bad. It's good being famous, but I can't do the things I like any more. Like bulling with the writers. I like to go out in public and be recognized a little. Hell, I'm proud to be a ballplayer. But I don't like being busted in on all the time and now, when I go out, I'm busted in on all the time."

Cheers: "I don't tip my cap. I'd be kind of embarrassed to. I figure the fans who cheer me know I appreciate it."

His current plight: "I'm on my own 'all the way and I'm the same me I was, and Mickey is, too. Once in a while, maybe, it makes me go into a shell, but most of the time"—pride stirs in his voice—"I'm exactly the same as I was."

Pressure: "I don't feel a damn thing once the game starts. I honestly don't. But before the game, and afterward, the writers and the photographers and the questions. That's pressure. That's hard. In the game it's the same as always. I been taking my swings. I've had some good swings, but I've fouled some good pitches back. I'm not losing any sleep, or anything like that, but I'm damn tired and when the season ends, I'm going right home and rest."

Houk on Maris

Ralph Houk, the manager of the Yankees, won a silver star and a purple heart in Europe during World War II and so is familiar with pressure. Of Maris he said, "I'd say it really got bad for him in Minneapolis. I'd say it began, you know, real bad, when we were out there." Houk paused. "Some funny things happen," he said. "Remember at the Stadium when the Indians knocked out Whitey Ford in the second inning? I was worried. His leg was bothering him and Ford is a hell of a Series pitcher. So when the game was over I started figuring what I'd tell the writers when they asked me what was wrong with Ford. You know something? Nobody asked." Ford himself, a worldly young man, added, "It's the damndest thing. All my life I've been trying to win 20. This year I win 24, and all anybody asks me about is home runs." Ford's tone was pleasant, a trifle puzzled but not angry.

When the Yankees arrived in Min-

neapolis on that trip late in August, Maris had 31 homers and Mantle 46. Both were comfortably ahead of Ruth's record pace, and both had to share uncomfortable amounts of attention.

A chartered bus appeared in front of the Hotel Radisson well in advance of each game to carry the Yankees to Memorial Stadium. The downtown area of Minneapolis is compact and the bus served as a signal to hundreds of Minneapolitans. As soon as it appeared, they herded into the hotel lobby. "Seen Rog?" they asked. "Where's Mick?" Enterprising children posted a watch on the eighth floor, where many of the Yankees were quartered. When Maris or Mantle approached the elevator, a child scout would sprint down eight flights and shout to the lobby, "Here they come." (Fortunately for the child scout, the elevators were unharmed relics of a more leisurely time.)

What followed in the lobby was the sort of surge one associates with lynchings. Maris and Mantle survived that first day because they are powerful men, but the next, tipped off by a friendly bellman, they began leaving the elevator on the second floor and taking a back stairway to the street.

Nothing much happened the first night in Minneapolis, except that Camilo Pascual of the Minnesota Twins became the father of a son and pitched a four-hit shutout. But a day later Mantle hit his 47th, lifting a slow curve over the left-field fence.

Reporters gathered around him afterward, and Mantle handled them easily. "I tell you that was the most surprised I've been all season," he said. "If I'd missed it, I woulda been on first anyway. The catcher couldn'ta caught it." Later Mantle cut his cheek shaving, and Gus Mauch, the Yankee trainer, had to be summoned to stop the bleeding.

"Gillette?" someone asked.

Mantle grinned.

On the third day, the mayor of Fargo appeared at the ballpark to present Maris with a "certificate of appreciation for your loyalty and devotion to your home town of Fargo." (Maris was born in Hibbing, Minn., and lives in Raytown, a suburb of Kansas City, Mo. But he did spend his boyhood in Fargo, and played American Legion baseball there.) Mantle hit No. 48 in the fourth inning. Maris did nothing.

The Yankees flew to New York where they settled the pennant race by sweeping a three-game series from Detroit.

continued on page 79



COMFORT AND PRAISE for Maris after his final out in the 154th game comes from John Blanchard as pair heads toward outfield

WORLD SERIES PREVIEW

EVERYTHING CAME UP RED ROSES

Cincinnati's bumptious ball team didn't have much talent, but in some exciting, eerie way it bewitched its foes and hopes to hex New York

by RAY CAVE

While the Yankees were winning the American League pennant last week with the verve of a steam roller flattening an ant, the National League race was being all but clinched by one of the most improbable teams to head for a World Series in many a year. Not to civil, the Reds may also be the worst.

By the normal standards of first-place baseball clubs Cincinnati is atrocious afieid, indifferent at the plate and not infrequently inept on the mound. Without consulting a recent box score, few fans could list the collection of castoffs and kids who make up so much of the starting lineup. But with a fierce-eyed genie as manager, with pockets stuffed with good luck charms and without sufficient sense to know they couldn't succeed, the Reds have zestfully and repeatedly beaten all the first-class competition in the National League. And they may well win the Series.

Not only have the Reds shocked the

sense and sensibility of fans in such spots as Los Angeles, Milwaukee and San Francisco, they have bamboozled their own home town as well. As late as last weekend the citizens of Cincinnati weren't going to little, old and weird (the outfield, for some reason, or none, slopes up) Crosley Field—because they knew their Reds were a sixth-place team. Who wants to watch a sixth-place team in September?

The town did manage to adopt a team slogan. But was it a rousing, impelling thing like last year's "Beat 'em, Bucs?" No, sir. The most apt phrase that the confused and surprised Cincinnatians could come up with was "Rally 'round the Reds." No cry of triumph, it had a Custer's Last Stand ring to it, but that's the way Red fans felt. And no wonder. Every team in the National League had won a pennant since Cincinnati last managed it 21 years ago. More to the point, the Reds had settled in sixth place

with cozy familiarity in 1959 and 1960.

True, this year's Reds had some new talent. There was big Joey Jay, recently of the Milwaukee Braves, where he was considered a) too fat and b) too lazy. Third baseman Gene Freese was obtained from the Chicago White Sox, whose fans had learned to avoid the box seats behind first base unless they wanted to catch and take home one of Freese's wild throws. Darrell Johnson, who never got any farther than the bullpen in two years as a Yankee catcher, was bought from Philadelphia, where he was hitting a rousing .231. And Ken Johnson, a pitcher, was purchased from Toronto. He had been so bad that Kansas City gave up on him; very few players can make that statement.

Back from the glories of sixth place last year were the likes of Gordon Coleman, a first baseman who is flattered when called merely clumsy; Shortstop Eddie Kasko, a sound utility man whom the Reds have to utilize *all* the time; and a confident, left-handed son of an Irish cop named Jim O'Toole who wasn't going to let anybody teach him how to pitch. He was going to learn for himself.

Back, too, was Manager Fred Hutchinson, a dark, bearded man consumed by private fires that become public conflagrations. ("When Alvin Dark gets mad he throws stools," said one player. "Hutchinson throws rooms.") In some incredible fashion, combining coddling, cuddling, chiding and outright terror, Hutchinson convinced his team in spring training that if it played hard it could finish as high as—well, fifth.

So the Reds played very hard, keeping a fearful eye on their tumultuous Hutch.

MAGICIAN-MANAGER HUTCHINSON CASTS SIGN AT TEAM AS COACH WHISENANT GRASPS LUCKY BAT AND STANDS BY LUCKY POLE



He, in turn, proceeded to manage with a prescient skill that would have mesmerized a Merlin. And from opening day the Reds could do no wrong.

Big Joey Jay ran until he thought he would die, became svelte Joey Jay and won 21 games. Freeze stopped scaring the customers in box seats. Darrell Johnson hit a frightening .333. And that Kansas City fellow, Ken Johnson? All he did was win five games in the first five weeks the Reds had him—a month when they briefly sagged and needed the help.

Gordon Coleman hit 25 home runs, so only his own pitchers noticed he couldn't field. Kasko caught all kinds of balls at short, and O'Toole, good as his word, amazed everyone by actually finding out how to pitch. ("He's learned to get his fast ball over the plate, but not over too much of the plate," says Jim Brosnan, a fellow pitcher.)

As they fought week after week with the Dodgers for first place the Reds showed not a bit of strain. Most of them had never been in the first division before and didn't realize they should be nervous. They scuffled and scrambled around the infield and slapped at the ball with their bats and positively knew they couldn't lose. So they didn't.

The feelings of astute baseball followers notwithstanding, the Reds should be a delight to see in a World Series. They are so exactly what the Yankees are not. There for all to view will be Hutchinson pacing up and down in the dugout throughout every inning of every game. He will set his foot down gently at each step, as if the floor were hot, and he will shred gum wrappers as he shreds his nerves as well. (Come out early for a team workout and you may see a rarer sight—Hutchinson catching batting practice. The team, you see, must guard its limited talent, so Hutch often lets his catchers rest.)

There, too, will be Coach Pete Whisenant, easily identifiable because his shaggy blond hair blows in the breeze as he holds a dugout pole that he considers to be lucky in one hand and his lucky bat in the other.

If a pitcher weakens, Reliever Brosnan will be seen running from the dugout to the bullpen. What is he doing in the dugout? Brosnan stayed there one game and things went well. He hasn't dared change seats since. In his pockets as he runs will be at least a lucky penny and a rabbit's foot, plus whatever other charms may have caught the fancy of this highly intelligent but typically super-



SPELLBOUND CITY GETS ITS ORDERS FROM SIGN AT DOWNTOWN FOUNTAIN SQUARE

stitious man on a superstitious team.

Eventually Roger Maris will trip over a black cat, Mickey Mantle will slip on a four leaf clover and the Reds will have their opportunity to win. Given such a chance, they rarely pass it up.

Brosnan (after six fairly ordinary years he has suddenly, in the Cincinnati fashion, developed into one of the league's best relief pitchers) summed up the 1961 Reds after they had beaten Pittsburgh 3-2 in typical last-ditch fashion a week ago. Two of the Pirates' final

three outs came on 380-foot drives to dead center field, where fleet Vada Pinson caught them. "If the wind had been blowing any direction but in, those would have been home runs," mused Brosnan, "but the wind has been blowing right for us all year."

The Yankees don't care about such things, not being superstitious. They figure to beat the Reds with ease. So did the Dodgers, the Braves and the Giants.

TURN PAGE FOR ANALYSIS OF REDS VS. YANKEES

AN ANALYSIS OF THE TEAMS



Doodles by James Flare

HITTING

A pitcher can get ulcers just reading the Yankee lineup. Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle hit more home runs this season than such teams as the Cardinals, Red Sox and Athletics. Maris and Mantle are capable of settling the Series themselves, but if they need help, it is available. There are Elston Howard, who became an intelligent hitter this season; Moose Skowron, a hot-and-cold free swinger; and Yogi Berra, still the money man. In Cincinnati's Crosley Field, with

FIELDING

The Yankees are good fielders—a surprising plus for a team with such power. Howard is a fine catcher with a throwing arm strong enough to keep a fast man like Parnon honest. Blanchard, when catching or playing the outfield, is not brilliant, but he is not embarrassing. The infield of Skowron, Richardson, Kubek and Boyer is as good as any in baseball, with Boyer at third making up for whatever Skowron at first gives away. Kubek and Richardson make the double

PITCHING

With two days off for travel, both managers will need only three starters. The Reds have good ones in Joey Jay, Jim O'Toole and Bob Purkey. Jay is the Reds' big winner, but it is O'Toole, a cocky young left-hander with good breaking pitches and the ability to keep the ball low, who will probably give the Yankees the most trouble. Cincinnati's pitching coach is Jim Turner, who spent 11 years with the Yankees. His knowledge of the Yankee hitters, combined with that of ex-Yankee Catcher Johnson, should help the Reds greatly.

The Yankees have the best pitcher in baseball in Whitey Ford, the cool little left-hander. In Yankee Stadium he will be rough, but Crosley Field will be some-

in a single series, Cincinnati pitching—three good starters and two good relievers—may cancel the Yankee edge in fielding and hitting. It makes the choice tougher than the odds-setters believe

by WALTER BINGHAM

the center-field wall only 387 feet away, these hitters may keep the little boys outside the park very happy. Tony Kubek, Bobby Richardson and Cletis Boyer are comparative breathers, but only comparative. It was singles-hitter Richardson who nearly wrecked the Pirates in last year's Series.

The Reds have some power too, though just a shadow of the Yankees'. Frank Robinson is the heart of the Cincinnati attack, the most valuable player in the league. But Robinson has been in a month-long slump, which began when

he injured his left knee. The knee is all right now, but the slump lingers. Vada Pinson would be the best center-fielder in the league if Willie Mays were not. His speed helps him beat out topped rollers, his strong wrists supply him with surprising power. Hitting left-handed, he could be dangerous in Yankee Stadium, with its short right field. The same is true for Goody Coleman. Wally Post and Gene Freese, two righties, are strong hitters in Crosley Field. Eddie Kasko does not hit home runs (only two this year), but with an important run wait-

ing on second, he is a tough customer.

The Yankee bench is strong even without Bob Cerv. John Blanchard, in limited use, hit 20 home runs this season, four of them in successive at bats. Hector Lopez also hit well enough to play first string on most other teams. The Reds have the most successful pinch hitter (over .400) in baseball in Jerry Lynch, a lefty. Gus Bell, for many years a Cincinnati favorite, stands behind Lynch. Behind Bell there is very little.

DEFINITE EDGE TO YANKEES

play smoothly and often. In Berra, for so many years the Yankees' catcher, Manager Ralph Houk has found a very competent left fielder. He has his comic moments, stumbling occasionally, and his arm has limited range, but he also has the knack of coming up with the big play. Mantle and Maris play the outfield almost as well as they hit, although Mantle's arm, perhaps sore, has not been strong lately. One problem the Yankee outfield will encounter in Crosley Field, the ground in the deep outfield slopes up to meet the wall in left and center,

and this requires some getting used to.

Defensively, the Reds range between adequate and poor. Darrell Johnson, for two years in the Yankee bullpen, will share the catching with John Edwards and Jerry Zimmerman, depending on which Yankee is pitching. Of the three, Johnson is the most experienced. Coleman puts up a brave battle at first base, as does Dick Gernert, who plays against left-handers. Don Blasingame and Eddie Kasko are ordinary at second base and short. Elio Chacon and Leo Cardenas are better, flashier, but younger, and

Hutchinson may go with experience. Freese has improved at third, but his scatter arm still keeps the customers behind first base alert. Post, Pinson and Robinson form a fair outfield. If Lynch starts instead of Post, the defense is weakened. Robinson will play right field in Crosley, but will switch to left in Yankee Stadium. There, left is always a difficult place to play in October, when the area around home plate is lost in the haze of the late-afternoon sun.

DEFINITE EDGE TO YANKEES

thing else again. Ralph Terry, who gave up that final home run last year to Bill Mazeroski, and Bill Stafford, a swaggering young right-hander, will be the other Yankee starters.

Other pitchers may see action, of course—Bud Daley, Jim Coates and Roland Sheldon of the Yankees and Ken Johnson, Jim Maloney and Ken Hunt of the Reds. But if relief is needed in the late innings, it will be Luis Arroyo for New York and either Jim Brosnan or Bill Henry for Cincinnati. Arroyo, the chunky left-hander with the puzzling screwball, has been a marvel this year. Brosnan, author and right-hander, and Henry, a left-hander, have both been effective, if not as publicized as Arroyo.

EDGE TO REDS

THE SUM-UP

Statistically, the Yankees appear to be a shoo-in, but there are other factors to be considered. Those impressive records of the Yankees were made against an expanded—and therefore weakened—American League. Even the smallness of Crosley Field may hamper the Yankee sluggers. Wrigley Field in Los Angeles is smaller than Crosley, and in nine games there this season the Yankees, overager, hit only 12 home runs, below their per-game average. Yankee pitching collapsed in the small park, and the lowly Angels won six of the nine games. One other danger confronts the Yankees. It is possible that Roger Maris may find everything anticlimactic after his exciting bid to break Babe Ruth's home run

record and therefore have a bad Series.

Cincinnati needs a healthy Frank Robinson, the Robinson of July rather than September. Perhaps the team's greatest handicap, however, is the lack of Series experience. Yankee Stadium, with its imposing three decks filled with 70,000 people, is enough to rattle any player. The Yankees—most of them—have been through it before.

Perhaps with this in mind, the Las Vegas odds-setters have made the Yankees 11-to-5 favorites in the Series. Before the season opened, they had the Reds at 35 to 1 to win the pennant. They underestimated the Reds then, and they have made that mistake again.

AT THE ODDS, THE REDS ARE THE BETTER BET



DECISIVE MOMENT IN RACE-OFF CAME WHEN WAY WAVE (LEFT) BROKE STRIDE IN STRETCH. HENRY T. ADIOS FLEW HOME ON RAIL

STANLEY GETS HIS JUG

Star for a decade on New York's night raceways, Stanley Dancer ventured into the Ohio sunshine with a courageous Adios colt and won pacing's top event

by KENNETH RUDEEN

Week in and week out Stanley Dancer works nights at New York's big, no-nonsense trotting tracks, where there is an awful lot of money in circulation but barely \$2 worth of harness racing's traditional charm. Now and then, however, this artful driver escapes to the country fairgrounds, where the rural, old-fashioned ways of the sport are still preserved. Last week he turned up in

Delaware, Ohio, out in the tall-corn and fat-hog country.

Driving in daylight before some 40,000 horsewise Ohioans, Dancer won the \$70,000 Little Brown Jug in only his second try at the nation's top prize in pacing. Altogether, four one-mile heats were needed to decide the winner in the 19-horse field. The straw-hat crowd, packed into grandstand and bleachers and stacked up to eight deep around the rim of Delaware's sharply banked half-

mile saucer, wouldn't have dreamed of going home before the final three-horse race-off, in which Dancer's small, blocky colt, Henry T. Adios, made the 16th Jug his own.

Although only 34, Dancer has been a night raceway superstar for a decade. He has won a stall full of money and driven many a champion, including the current wonder horse Su Mac Lad—the leading money-winning trotter of all time. But, as Dancer knows so well, the night raceways exist for the faceless betting crowds, and the horses are mostly aged performers going nowhere. Out on the Grand Circuit, the touring major league of harness racing, the horse, not the tote, is king. There the sport's drama lies in season-long skirmishes among the best young horses to prove which ones have the makings of champions.

This special quality was absent the other day when the first leg of pacing's Triple Crown, the \$110,950 Cane Futurity, was held at New York's Yonkers

continued

Special Announcement for 1962. . . No

words, no pictures, no cute little tune can give you the whole great story of the 1962 Buick Special. You must get behind the wheel, drive the car, then listen to your head and your heart—that's the story. Meanwhile, here are some facts: **1.** There's a new Buick Special convertible for 1962, as dashing and sprightly a car as you ever saw. **2.** For '62 the Buick Special brings you a great new exclusive—the new V-6 engine. Perfect mating of the vim and vigor of V-design with the economy of a six. Great running mate for the famous Buick Special aluminum V-8. **3.** Your choice of Dual-Path automatic transmission or a new 4-speed "stick shift" synchromesh.* **4.** New trims, new colors, eight new models to choose from—*every one a Buick through and through.* **5.** The lilt of Skylark styling, inspired by Buick's great sports-minded fun car. Do something Special for yourself: Drive America's *happy-medium size car*—

Buick Special '62



Raceway. For one thing, the Came was a single dash, not a series of testing heats. Moreover, the Jug favorite, Adios Don, wrenched a knee and had to be withdrawn from the big race.

With Adios Don out, the anticipated 12-horse Jug field swelled to 19. This forced the race into two divisions, with a third heat booked for the first five finishers in each divisional dash. If after these three dashes no horse had the two winning heats necessary to take the Jug, there would be a race-off among the three single-heat winners.

Instead of one favorite there were now three. Ohioans backed Ohio-owned Lang Hanover, one of eight Jug starters sired by the great Adios, whose sons had won the three previous races. Lang had already paced a mile in 1:57 4/5, faster than any other Jug horse.

A fast, brave filly

Sentimentalists favored a Kentucky-owned filly named Way Wave. No filly had yet won the Jug, but this bay daughter of Good Time had exceptional credentials: a 1:58 mile, a reputation for stamina and high praise from Grand Circuit master drivers like Joe O'Brien. "She's been winning all the time," said O'Brien, "and she's real brave."

Realists at Delaware, however, found it hard to dispose of Dancer's game little Adios colt, who is owned by Dr. Nicholas Derrico, a Westchester County, N.Y. surgeon. After all, Dancer had been telling everyone that Henry T. Adios would have won the Came if he hadn't been frozen against the rail in the stretch. More recently Henry T. had taken the Jug Trial in Michigan.

Jug day brought sunny, balmy weather, with a breeze to flutter Delaware's Grand Circuit pennants and rattle the leaves of the gnarled old apple trees beyond the backstretch. Knowing Jug fans had roped or chained lawn chairs to the fence enclosing the track the night before to be certain of close-up viewing positions, and now they and the rest of the record-breaking crowd settled in for a long pleasurable day.

Flicking his whip restlessly in the paddock as the first division went through final warmups—he was in the second—Dancer could not conceal his deep confidence. A thin smile with just a trace of smugness in it was often on his lips, and it broadened a bit as Lang Hanover won the first heat by only half a length from

the so-so pacer Adiosand in a 50-60 2:01.

Henry T. Adios started as a "trailer" in the second heat, in ninth position, just behind the rail horse. Way Wave was beautifully placed up front in the No. 2 hole. Both horses raced off the pace in the early shuffling. Driver Ralph Baldwin urged Way Wave to the top in the second swing through the clubhouse turn, and Dancer tucked Henry T. in behind on the backstretch. Heading into the stretch, Dancer went wide and daled excitedly with Baldwin, but lost by the length of the filly's neck. The time of

has always been a fast-leaving driver. As the gate's wide wings folded, he whipped Henry T. up ahead of the field and pinched in on the rail. Lang Hanover and an outsider named Miss Blue Jay got past him, but nearing the half-mile mark, Dancer, sensing and half-seeing Way Wave moving out from the rail behind him, swung Henry T. out, too. Dancer took the lead in the turn and kept it to the wire, defeating Baldwin and Way Wave by nearly a length.

By now, everybody on the fairgrounds shared Dancer's conviction, for Henry



STEADYING HORSE in the Little Brown Jug winner's circle, Driver Stanley Dancer frowns in concentration, but his wife Rachel (left) and niece Loa provide the Dancer victory smiles.

2:01 1/2 was misleading, it soon turned out.

Observing Dancer back in the paddock, you would have thought he had won the heat. The smile was still there. "I had a perfect trip—no excuses," he said. "But I almost got there. Next time we go I'll have a better post."

Dancer's own confidence was not widely shared. "If the filly draws the rail," declared one driver, "she's in."

Well, Way Wave did draw the rail for the third heat, with Lang Hanover beside her and Henry T. Adios next. But Way Wave tends to dawdle a bit at the starting gate. Henry T., on the other hand, as a fast-leaving colt, and Dancer

had not only outpaced the filly in a tough dash but had traveled the mile in a fancy 1:58 1/2, only one-fifth of a second off the world half-mile-track record for 3-year-olds.

Drawing the No. 3 post for the race-off against Way Wave and Lang Hanover bothered Dancer not at all. Again, he rushed to the rail. Way Wave made an immensely gallant bid, beginning in the next-to-last turn, but Dancer shrewdly kept her stranded outside all the way around to the homestretch. There, sadly, she broke gas under the accumulated pressures of the day, and Stanley had his Jug.

END

TWO-WAY TONY GOES OVER AND BACK

Battling the tides with the stubborn persistence of a buoy, a chunky Argentine becomes the first ever to swim from England to France and back again

by JOHN LOVESEY

Some people laughed when I talked of the two-way swim," said the amiably seal-like Argentine last week, "but now they are silent." Like the fabled fellow in the old learn-to-play-the-piano ads, 42-year-old Antonio Abertondo had just achieved with assurance and dedication what had hitherto seemed an impossibility. He had swum across the Channel from England to France and back again.

In the 86 years since Captain Matthew Webb first turned the trick, swimming the English Channel has become even more commonplace than running the four-minute mile. More than 100 swimmers have made the crossing. But only four of them have even thought of trying the round trip. At best, the Channel is a treacherous strait through which the sea flows up and down in a series of bewildering tides. A swimmer heading from England to France must aim with pinpoint accuracy for the narrow point of Cap Gris Nez or risk being swept out to sea. A swimmer heading from France to England has a wider target to shoot for but faces currents off the Kentish coast strong enough to wreck ships.

Since he first taught himself to swim at the age of 11, Tony Abertondo has

been opposing tides and currents of all kinds with stubborn single-mindedness. The son of a Buenos Aires postman whose home was only a few blocks from the shore where South America's La Plata River opens a mouth 30 to 60 miles wide, Abertondo spent most of his boyhood in the water and, as a man, made his first attempts at distance swimming in the wide harbor. His earliest ambition was to swim the 55 miles of river lying between Rosario, Uruguay and his native Buenos Aires. He first tried it in 1947 and gave up after more than 60 hours in the water. Every year after that he tried again until he finally made it 10 years later in an 80-hour swim. At the end of that ordeal his fevered brain conjured up visions of hundreds of animals, mainly dogs, swimming along with him.

By that time Abertondo was an old hand at the comparatively mild one-way English Channel swim, having swum in three races from France to England at a pace that won him no medals for speed but a high reputation for endurance. One of the swimmers who beat him across was Sam Rockett, an enthusiastic Englishman who has since made a career of organizing transchannel events. Together over the years Sam and Tony made

their plans. When at last the Argentine felt psychologically and physically ready to face the two-way trip, the Englishman turned to his charts and tables.

If wind and weather are not right, no Channel swimmer can possibly hope to make it. Treacherous tides make it unwise to attempt the swim on any but five days in a fortnight, and there are not likely to be more than five fortnights in a year when the swim is possible at all. Even when all the calculations are made, the swimmer and his





CHANNEL MAN ABERTONDO WAVES A WAVE GREETING FROM THE WATER BEFORE COMPLETING HIS SWIM

coach must still decide largely by intuition when the moment is ripe.

Last week, convinced that the time was indeed ripe at last, a chunky, confident Tony Abertondo, his five-foot-four-inch, 210-pound bulk thoroughly greased, waded into the Channel in a chilly dawn near Dover and headed for France. Nearly 19 hours later—two hours later than planned—he waded ashore near Calais for a cup of coffee and a sandwich. "The delay was almost fatal," said Sam Rockett, who followed along by boat.

"We had to juggle to get him in on a sandy spot and off again to catch the flood tide off Gris Nez."

By the time the man in the water and the man in the boat were nearing the English coast once again, Abertondo was getting very weak and was suffering from hallucinations. "His eyes were sore and his lips swollen," said Rockett, "and his tongue was lolling out of his mouth." But there was still one fierce challenge lying ahead of him: the vicious currents that flow over the Goodwin Sands.

"We were dangerously close to the Sands, and it could have meant disaster for all of us," said Rockett, who jumped in and swam along with his friend to buoy up his spirits. "Antonio had almost lost his faculties," he said. "Only subconscious resolution kept him going."

Exactly 43 hours and 5 minutes after the start of his swim, Tony Abertondo crawled ashore and collapsed on an English beach, conscious only of having achieved a unique first. "Like Gagarin," he said later with a smile. **END**

OCTOBER IN THE UPLANDS



The shadows on a trail leading into grouse cover, the changing light of afternoon on a field of dry grass, the bright surface of a pond under storm clouds provide a backdrop of beauty for the hunter of upland game. On the following pages Artist Francis Golden records these and other moods of autumn in a portfolio of watercolors on an outdoorsman's October day.

Crouched low to avoid a tangle of briars, a grouse hunter searching for birds pushes into a grove of evergreens







A pheasant flushes and skids over scrub pines, providing a perfect shot as it heads away from the hunter



Gurating from the grass, four pheasants
rise against the afternoon sky

A hunter and dog follow an old logging
road through thick stands of timber





Tree-framed against the surface of a pond,
the shooter hesitates as the dog goes on point

'THE CROWD IS YOUR ENEMY'

That's Andy Frain's warning about gate-crashers to his polite, blue-coated ushers who seat—and soothe—50 million people a year at top sports events

by REX LARDNER

Everybody thinks Andy Frain is a myth," declares Andrew T. Frain, sole owner and chief executive officer of Andy Frain, Crowd Engineers, with headquarters in Chicago and branches in 25 other American cities. Part tactician and part watchdog, Frain sometimes is called King of the Ushers or, even more whimsically, Head of the House of Usher. He is a benign-looking, 57-year-old, blue-eyed, ruddy-faced, pug-nosed man of average height and chunky build with a voice like a Percheron walking over gravel. He occasionally wears black-rimmed spectacles, always chain-smokes cigars and almost always sports a white four-in-hand with a tab collar. "I like to look sharp," he says. Like Zeus of Olympus, Frain has an overpowering urge to bring order out of chaos.

A crowd engineer—the term is Frain's—is a person who, among other things, supervises the control of crowds attending public events, keeps out crashers and mooches ("A mooch is like a moocher," he explains), soothes drunks, makes plans for such emergencies as fire and sudden rain, sees to it that fans get to their seats

BEFORE FANS ARRIVE AT COMISKEY PARK IN CHICAGO, FRAIN PLANS CROWD-CONTROL STRATEGY WITH SON MIKE (RIGHT) AND CORPS



with a minimum of confusion and that, once there (in the vast majority of cases), they stay put. The same goes for standees. "Never let a standee sit down," warns Frain, a longtime student of human nature at perhaps its least glorious. "Once they sit down, you can't get 'em up."

Frain is the world's biggest and best crowd engineer. He is also the busiest. "You got more jobs than you can handle," he says. Frain often says "You" when he means "I." If pressed, he could muster, on 48 hours' notice, 20,000 ushers and outfit 15,000 of them in snazzy Andy Frain uniforms, which he designed. Frain and his army of ushers, gatemen, plainclothesmen and ticket checkers control the spectator behavior of about 50 million persons a year. His organization crowd-engineers events like ball games at Wrigley Field and Comiskey Park in Chicago and Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn., the Kentucky Derby, football games at Chicago's Soldier Field, trotting races, auto races, dog races, flat races and a good many prize-fights, wrestling matches and hockey games. Apart from sports events, the

firm also handles national political conventions, department store and hotel openings, factory tours, funerals, high-toned dinner parties, auctions, fashion shows, flower shows and fireworks displays. Nothing is too large, too small or too wild for Andy Frain. Crowd Engineers. The bigger the challenge—like the Derby—the better Frain likes it.

Frain somehow extracts the utmost zeal from his ushers. At parties some of them dress like the guests and keep an eye on the silver and other valuables. Others, dressed as Andy Frain ushers, park the guests' cars. "As a special service," says Frain, "if a guest gets stiff, the kid drives him home, locks the car in the garage and flops him into bed." His ushers also park cars at large fairs and store openings. Sometimes Frain handles as many as 150 events going on in a dozen cities in a single night. He personally supervises the most troublesome—like a heavyweight championship fight—and, after a keen study of the problems, delegates the running of the others to assistants or to three of his sons (he has five sons and one daughter), Andy Jr., Mike or Peter.

They wear white gloves and dark blue ties with "Andy Frain" written on the back. The uniforms are so picturesque, in fact, that on one occasion Frain and a bestdod of ushers on their way to handle the races at Agua Caliente in Mexico were arrested by Mexican police who thought they must be enemy generals trying to stir up a revolution. It was about three hours before Frain obtained his release and theirs from a gloomy jail.

Andy Frain ushers say "ser" and "ma'am," are insultproof and bribe-proof. They are not allowed to slouch, smoke, chew gum (even at Wrigley Field) or eat in front of spectators. They are told not to get tough with drunks. If a drunk becomes noisy, he is to be made a buddy of and urged to come down to Frain's stadium office to "have a drink on Andy." There it's hoped he'll conk out. Ushers scrutinize drunks who guzzle in their seats and courteously remove empty bottles before the drunks can hurl them at contestants. The usher always says, "May I get rid of this for you, sir?" as he grasps the bottle. They are instructed to approach a fan who looks perplexed and ask if they can help rather than wait to be asked. When accosted by belligerent drunks, ushers remain polite.

At the third Patterson-Johansson fight last March (the only one of the three fights Frain handled), a Frain usher was asked, "What would you do if I punched you right in the nose?" "I'd be tempted to punch you right back, ser," murmured the usher pleasantly, and the matter was dropped. During the summer an Andy Frain usher can make between \$600 and \$800; in a year it is possible to make as much as \$3,000. Because of his penchant for hiring young men attending school or between school sessions, Frain is said to be responsible for having helped educate more students than anyone in the country.

Having been in the ushering business for over 35 years and being of reflective bent, Frain has formed a great many conclusions about the behavior of crowds—most of them negative. "Don't forget," he tells his chiefs and assistant chiefs in pregame skull sessions, "a crowd is your enemy." Frain hates to see empty sections in stadiums, they're too much temptation for fans in lower-priced seats to improve their positions. "It's like a compulsion with them," he says. If Frain had his choice, he would fill empty sections with employees or lugs. Lugs, or deadwood, are successful mooches. Promoters seldom sanction this, however;

continued

OF NATTY, UNIFORMED ASSISTANTS



Six-foot-tall ushers

Frain, whose formal education stopped at the eighth grade mainly so he could earn money chasing pigs in a Chicago slaughterhouse, is understandably proud of the services he performs. "You got people in the state of Illinois thinkin' it adds class to their affair if they got Andy Frain ushers," he observes. "People think you don't go out in style unless you got Andy Frain pallbearers. The same with sports events. Promoters know sharp-lookin' Andy Frain ushers dress up a stadium, make the fan feel good the minute he gets there. Besides that, promoters know they get an honest crowd."

To be confronted by an Andy Frain usher at a sports event, indeed, is alone almost worth the price of admission. Most of them are high school, college or seminary students six feet tall or more. "There's nothing like a six-footer in uniform to control a panicky crowd," Frain says. "Besides that, a tough guy isn't so likely to give you an argument if you're lookin' down on him. That's psychology." Frain ushers all have good teeth, short haircuts under their Andy Frain hats and shiny shoes. The Andy Frain uniform is Notre Dame blue and gold—the blue coat having gold epaulettes and buttons, the blue trousers gold stripes. The ushers' white shirts have tab collars.

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ANDY FRAIN *continued*

they want to keep the seats available for possible late ticket-buyers. Except for Bill Weck, Mike Jacobs, Colonel Matt Winn and a few others, Frain does not think too highly of promoters. "All they want to do is print tickets," he says with a scowl, "and collect money. The hell with the public."

Despite his disapproval of the shortsightedness of promoters—"They never listen to your ideas"—Frain does what he can to save them trouble. One of his innovations has been squawk seats. Squawk seats are good seats left unoccupied for minor emergencies. At the Patterson-Johansson fight, Frain had 70 squawk seats available—for people who wanted to punch their neighbors and persons who objected to sitting next to a Negro fight fan. (Before accepting the prizefight job, Frain had insisted there be no segregation in the seating. "The only color I'm interested in is the color of the customer's ticket," he said.) About 60 fight fans asked to have their seats changed. All were obliged. No serious fights broke out. Just before the main event started, employees filled up the empty squawk seats.

Frain is thoroughly determined to keep out fans who did not bought tickets—perhaps the biggest headache of a crowd engineer. "Ninety percent of the public," he asserts, "wants something for nothing." When you run a big sports event, every one of those seats is there to be cracked. They throw every gimmick in the book at you. "The gimmicks of crashers and mooches, as tried on Frain, are legion: some seek entry by claiming to be a relative of his, some by dropping influential names, some by carrying ladders or buckets of ice. "Press photographers" look nesthetic and brandish cameras. Lady mooches faint at the gate to be brought inside for first aid or assume a patrician air and claim they left their tickets home on the chase lounge. Sly mooches produce tickets a year out of date. At a recent prizefight a man tried to get in carrying a clock; he claimed he was the timekeeper. At a baseball game a man said he was from the health department and had to check the hot dogs. At the Derby a few years ago a fan offered a Frain usher \$100 for his uniform, he was turned down. Some men claim to have gone to college with Frain; they are informed they need tickets. The most ambitious mooches carry wire cutters to cut the chains barring locked doors and

let their friends in. But Frain has a fireman and an usher at each chained door, a plainclothesman watching the pair of them and another man watching him.

The late James Leo (One Eye) Connelly, the most celebrated gate-crasher of all time, was frequently in Frain's hair. Once at the Derby, Frain, who detests being stared at by mooches outside the gates, offered One Eye \$15 if he would go away. "Hell," said Connelly, "I can make more than that in an hour touting horses." He soon crashed through and began touting. On another occasion, at a political convention, Frain gave his ushers a special pep talk on keeping Connelly out. "But when I went into the hall," Frain recalls, "there he was, in the middle of the floor, selling ice water to delegates at 50¢ a glass. The man was a genius." Frain finally hired Connelly to watch a gate at Wrigley Field, then had the entrance padlocked because he was sure Connelly would let his friends in. Later, stationed at an open gate, Connelly showed his integrity. He refused to let Phil Wrigley, owner of the Cubs, enter without a ticket. Connelly shortly thereafter returned to his specialty.

Crashing a tradition

The least subtle of gate-crashers, according to Frain, are found at the Kentucky Derby and at important prize-fights. It is almost a tradition at these fights for large numbers of people in concert to rush gates, climb fences and try to overpower the defending phalanxes. Until Frain's reputation for keeping out crashers was established, the same was true of the Derby. In 1933—the first year Frain handled the Derby—a group of about 40 toughs, few of them teetotalers, charged Frain's ushers at several gates but were held off till Frain and reinforcements arrived. Then Frain and his scrappy ushers pushed and slugged like Leonidas at Thermopylae, giving as good as they got. All of them had black eyes, and one had broken ribs and a fractured skull when the battle was over, but the gates were held. About 10 years ago Frain was introduced to Derby crashers of a trickier sort. These were what he describes as hill-billies whom he found seated in the upstairs clubhouse boxes without the proper tickets. They had their shoes off and were eating chicken and drinking hard liquor. Frain had some ushers escort them out despite their protests that they were kin to a sheriff from the hills. The next thing Frain knew he was in jail, *continued*



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along with several of his ushers. Through the efforts of a federal judge he and his ushers were let go after an hour. They raced back to the track and threw out more friends and relatives of the sheriff. More ushers were jailed. But as fast as they were locked up, Fram bailed them out and sped them back to reinforce their beleaguered comrades. The ushers kept crashing to a minimum, considering their difficulties, though Fram lost money on the deal. Since then, by setting up a system of staggered defenses, Fram, his ushers, troubleshooters and plainclothesmen have made crashing by force an increasingly discouraging practice.

Fight fans, perhaps having some sort of empathy with the contestants, are always ready to crack fights. In many cases—as at the Roberson-Turpin fight at the Polo Grounds in 1951 and the second Patterson-Johansson fight there last year—they are amazingly successful. "For every guy who had a ticket to the Patterson-Johansson fight in Miami Beach," says Frain, "25 were outside, tryin' to bust in." Before the main event got under way, swarms of frantic crashers tried to batter down one of the doors of Convention Hall. Frain ushers were urgently summoned from other posts by walkie-talkies (a Frain innovation) to hold the door. A gigantic pushing struggle ensued, with the door the loser. It came partly off its hinges, leaving a breach. But Frain's ushers, helped by Miami Beach police, firmly locked arms, barring the open space, and none of the crashers got past.

Fram regards football and boxing crowds as the most bloodthirsty, racing fans the most resolute, hockey fans the hardest to control ("They're always throwing hot pennies, cold hangers and hairpins on the ice") and baseball fans the most mellow. However, he feels there was one recent occasion when baseball fans might have become dangerously hysterical. If Roger Maris had come to bat with 59 home runs at Comiskey Park a couple of weeks ago, Fram would have dispatched 125 experienced ushers and 25 chiefs to the edge of the playing field to discourage fans from leaping out of the stands—regardless of the timing or the score—to give Maris their personal congratulations and maybe tear him to pieces. "I figured on a riot," he says complacently. "The fans would feel they were a part of history."

It is not really surprising that Fraim

became King of the Ushers. Even as a child he was involved in trying to organize chaos. He was the 16th of 17 children and lived in the back of the yards section of Chicago's South Side. His father was a hod carrier who had been born in County Roscommon, migrating to America in the 1880s. Because the jam-packed five-room shack the family lived in was woefully short of beds, the children slept in shifts. Since there weren't enough clothes to go around, the first one to get up was the best dressed, while the last to get up had no clothes at all.

Besides working in a slaughterhouse to supplement the family income, young Andy collected pop bottles in ball parks and sold newspapers. In the classic tradition he had to fight for his corner. When he was in his late teens he got a job ushering at the Benny Leonard-Pinky Mitchell fight in the Dexter Park Pavilion. Ushers in those days were tough, mean and crooked. A customer starting an argument was apt to be hauled to the basement and given a thorough going-over. Of the crowd of 12,000 at the fight, about 3,000 had entered without tickets, it being the custom then for ushers to supplement their pay (\$1) by taking bribes with both hands. Unlucky customers with tickets for \$10 and \$20 seats milled around outside, none too pleased that their seats were taken and that they could not get in. Finally they rioted, and the National Guard had to be called out to restore order. The incident inspired Frain, who had turned down several bribes that night, to assemble some friends and convince them they could make a living as *lowest* ushers—if they could earn \$5 a night instead of \$1. It was a revolutionary concept, but they went along.

On the way up

They bought blue ties and shined their shoes, and Frain landed his group a few small jobs. Having learned some of the tricks of cashiers and ways of keeping a crowd on the move, he then made his pitch—clean, courteous, conscientious ushers at a reasonable price—to Major Frederic McLaughlin, owner of the Chicago Black Hawks hockey team. Aware that his gate receipts hadn't been matching the number of seats filled, McLaughlin experimented with Frain. He was happy with the result, and since then Frain has handled every big-league hockey game in Chicago.

Fram got the job of handling crowds



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ANDY FRAIN *continued*

at Wrigley Field games in 1928 by offering to waive his pay if Wrigley Jr., then owner of the Cubs, wasn't satisfied with the job. To do the job properly, Frain had to fire most of Wrigley's ushers, inexperienced bribetakers, many of whom felt it a point of honor to assault Frain after being fired. Frain accepted every challenge ("You can't walk away from a fight"), winning more often than he lost. Wrigley wound up pleased and even let Frain \$5,000 to buy uniforms. After persuading Charles Comiskey he could handle Comiskey Park, Frain wooed Colonel Matt Winn, the Derby impresario, in a dramatic way. To convince the colonel that gate-crashing was a cinch at the Derby, Frain climbed the fence, confronted a guard and demanded to be taken to Colonel Winn as a gate-crasher. At first stunned by Frain's audacity, Colonel Winn was soon impressed with the young zealot's knowledge of crowd flow and gate-crashing and hired him. His ambition unbounded, Frain thereupon landed the Republican and Democratic conventions of 1932, controlling crowds at both so well that he achieved a national reputation. Unfortunately, Frain's successes attracted the attention of hoodlums. On several occasions he flatly turned down their requests for a cut of his take. "No muscle is gonna clip me," Frain says indignantly. "I never had a nickel. Finally after a lot of hard work I made something of myself. They're gonna take that away from me?"

Attacks by hoodlums

As a result of his attitude, he was beaten up on several occasions in the '20s and '30s by hoodlums and once was shot at five times at close range while eating in the Chicago Stadium dining room. All five shots missed as Frain scurried along the floor toward an exit. "I think the hoods were just trying to frighten me," he says. "If they had been serious about knocking me off, I think they would've had a better average."

For ushering services Frain earns more than \$35,000 a year, while his firm pays out salaries of \$800,000. He has a \$50,000 white-brick Georgian home in Lincolnwood, a suburb of Chicago ("It's so ritzy there my neighbors go to bed with their tuxedos on") with a swimming pool and a home in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., also with a swimming pool. He drives around Chicago in an air-conditioned Cadillac. The house in Chicago

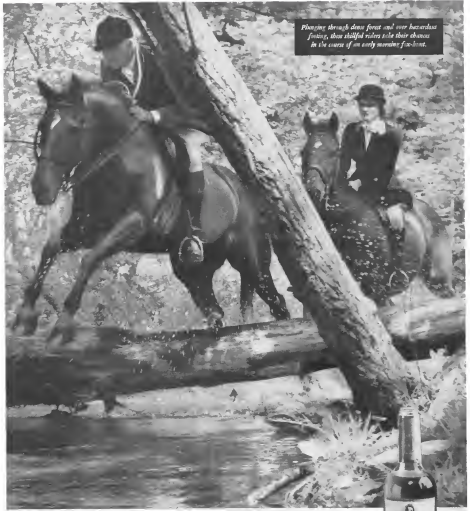
has nine bathrooms and the one in Fort Lauderdale eight. Frain has never forgotten the desperately poor conditions of his childhood.

A crowd, for Andy Frain, is like a huge peach pie that must be sliced up and scientifically separated. Then the various parts must be installed precisely where they belong. "You cut 'em up outside the gates," Frain said a couple of weeks ago at Soldier Field. The Bears were about to meet the Pittsburgh Steelers, and he was on his way to his office at the stadium to supervise the manning of gates and stair wells. "Not inside, because there isn't room. You post directors outside to tell the crowd what gate to enter for what sections, or tell them the gate number is listed on the ticket. You don't want a cross flow caused by people with tickets for a north section going in a south gate. Keep 'em all movin' in the same direction. That's basic."

Frain, who sometimes walks 20 miles a day checking the interiors and exteriors of stadiums before events, marched briskly into his office. It was filled with ushers in various states of undress as they slipped into blue trousers and knotted blue ties. In one corner was a box of walkie-talkies, and next to it were several battery-operated megaphones for directors to address the incoming crowd.

In one adjoining room ushers were trying on Andy Frain hats kept in three huge boxes. In another more ushers were dressing. Andy was handed the phone at his desk. A gray-haired man in a Frain uniform gave him a cigar. "What gates are the turnstiles on?" Frain said into the phone, lighting the cigar with an Andy Frain cigarette lighter. Andy Frain Jr., a serious-looking 26-year-old, was handing out slips of various colors to the ushers. "Spread out the blueprint," said Frain to Andy Jr. Andy Jr. spread a blueprint of Soldier Field on the desk. "How far north are you sellin'?" he said into the phone, staring at his cigar. "Goona be a better house on account of the weather," he told Andy Jr., hanging up as more ushers filed in. One walked around blowing into a megaphone to test it. Andy told the gray-haired man to call up the head ticket taker, then bent over the map with Andy Jr. Like a general expecting an assault wave any minute, he pointed to various spots on the blueprint. "Go light here," he said. "Go heavy here." Mike Frain, five years younger than Andy Jr., was handing out instruction sheets to the ushers. "On gates 21, 22, 27 and 28," Frain said to Andy Jr., "I want four

continued



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ANDY FRAIN (continued)

instead of three men." Andy Jr. nodded, and Frain took the phone. "How many police did they give us?" he said into it. "Are all the chiefs and assistant chiefs here?" he asked Mike. "Foof, foof," went the usher with the megaphone. Mike nodded. The room was filled with sharp-looking ushers. "The way the crowd is outside, I think we're gonna have to open," Frain said into the phone and hung up. "Make sure them kids don't roam all over," he told the ushers, poking his glasses higher on his nose with a forefinger. "Make sure the ropes are in place between"—he consulted the blueprint—"sections 1 to 11 and 2 to 20. Last year the kids cut the ropes with knives. Watch for that. Let the kids keep any footballs that go in the stands. The fans boo hell out of you if you take a football away from a kid." The phone rang. "I don't know anything about no tickets made out for Gate 42," said Frain, and hung up. "I'm going to take a look around outside," he told Andy Jr.

Outside inspection

Frain marched out of the office, down a passageway and sidled carefully past a turnstile at Gate Zero. "This is gonna be a 15-minute crowd," Frain judged, with a look at the sky. "They all come at the last minute. People move a lot faster than they used to, and they read signs better." He walked a few feet past several groups of people headed for the gates and then stopped. "See those two guys in dark suits?" he asked. "They're mooches. I can tell by lookin' at 'em. They looked at me like they knew me, then they looked away and started talkin' to each other. They have that mooch look. Besides that, after a while you get to know the best mooches." He strolled past them and threw a glance at the gatemen on the next gate. "You can always tell when a guy's got his hand out," he said. "He'll be lookin' around to all sides—when there's no reason to look." The gatemen passed inspection, and Frain moved along. "Never trust a man with a mustache or a man who carries an umbrella," he advised good-naturedly. The fans paid heed to the instructions of the natty directors, found their proper gates, produced tickets, got ticked off by the turnstiles, received their stubs and disappeared into the stadium. Briskly continuing his tour, glancing right and left, Frain permitted himself a half smile. It was a well-engineered crowd.

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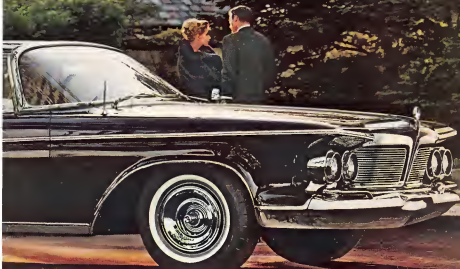
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Even horses move to Florida

The rich, rolling land around Ocala has suddenly become a major area for the breeding of some high-class Thoroughbreds

Until Needles won the 1956 Kentucky Derby with his stirring come-from-behind run, no one had ever thought of the state of Florida as a place to breed quality Thoroughbreds. Five years after Needles, another Florida-bred named Carry Back became the country's best 3-year-old, and now the Florida boom is on. Its center is Marion County, particularly the rolling land surrounding Ocala (where both Carry Back and Needles were foaled), about 100 miles north and slightly east of Tampa. There were three Thoroughbred farms in the area in 1956, now there are 46, with a combined value of more than \$15 million. Ten years ago about 75 foals were registered in Florida; this year there were 350.

Ocala's rich land could have been bought for \$12 an acre before World War II. The price now is \$1,000, and some recent buyers include many of racing's top owners, breeders and trainers: Leslie Combs, the Greentree Stable of J. H. Whitney and Mrs. Charles S. Payson, Pete Widener, Lou Wolfson, Ralph Wilson, the Brookfield Farm of Harry Isaacs and the Tartan Farms of William L. McKnight.

Ocala's natural assets are its climate, soil and water. The land, sitting on a lime-rock ridge about 20 miles long and five to 10 miles wide, is nearly 200 feet above sea level. This is high for Florida and provides the area with steady breezes which, together with the shade of the

abundant oaks, create ideal temperatures the year round. From June to October there is usually a brief shower every day; the rest of the time there is seldom more than one good rain per month. As Tartan Trainer John Nerud puts it, a climate that allows young horses to spend as many as 20 hours a day outdoors is bound to produce sound animals.

The earth, a heavy producer of cotton and tobacco a century ago, varies from light sand to heavy topsoil. It is rich in calcium and phosphorus, though it requires the addition of such ingredients as extra nitrogen and potash to keep it in balance for good pastures. Much of the water comes from wells 100 feet deep in lime-rock caverns and underground rivers and has a high calcium content.

Largest of the nurseries in the area is the Ocala Stud Farms—the busiest breaking-and-training establishment in the U.S. today. This week Manager Joe O'Farrell is breaking more than 150 yearlings on Ocala's $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile training track. "In Kentucky," says O'Farrell, "they don't like to admit that we're doing something important down here. But many of the farms up there depleted their own land without spending money to restore it. That won't happen here." Looking over one of his pastures toward Needles' home on Bonnie Heath's neighboring farm, O'Farrell aimed another shot at a prize Kentucky asset. "We have two deep-rooted grasses here, Pensacola Bahagrass and pangolagrass, and both

are kept well clipped, because horses prefer them in the lush growing state rather than mature. The bluegrass of Kentucky is lush in spring and fall but lies dormant during the heat of summer. In other words, while we're getting our regular daily rainfall and our grass is prospering, Kentucky's bluegrass is being baked."

Florida is still a long way from approaching Kentucky in the production of good Thoroughbreds. Florida-breds earned \$2,620,717 last year, while horses foaled at just one Kentucky farm, Clubborne, earned more than \$3 million.

Such success for Ocala's farms lies several years off. The only proven sire in the area now is Rough'n Tumble (sire of Conestoga, Yes You Will and My Dear Girl). When men with money, like McKnight, Isaacs and Wolfson, bring in top sires, "we won't," says one Ocala farm manager, "have to breed to so many \$500 horses." Sires new to Florida which are expected to stand their first seasons at stud in Ocala in 1962 include Clamdestine, Francis S., Alababes, Prince Edward and Like Magee, a full brother to Swaps. And at Tartan Farms now, for example, are foals by Hasty Road, Sailor, Ballydam, Needles, Mark-Ye-Well, Decathlon, Porterhouse, Alibhai and Gallant Man. Next year there will also be foals by Correlation, Turn-to, Amerigo and Nashua. Never before have foals by sires of this quality been taken to Florida.

The move south by good horsemen and their valuable stock has a sound basis, and the challenge to Kentucky's supremacy may become more serious each year.

END

Jerry Cooke

HARES WITH FOALS lead a healthy life under the Spanish moss gracefully draping the ancient live oaks at Ocala Stud Farms, Florida's top breeding center.

Midseason form on the first time out

New formations, an invocation
and a new coach got three teams
past critical opening-day games

It was an incongruous beginning to the 1961 season. Around the U.S. last Saturday the weather was hot and summery, yet some of the nation's leading college football teams were already bashing each other with midseason ferocity in stadiums packed to midseason capacity.

Syracuse, for example, started right off at Portland against one of the West's strongest independents, Oregon State. So Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, hoping to improve his straight-T attack, inserted what amounted to a multiple offense. His rival, Oregon State's Tommy Prothro, went further, tossing out his entire single wing offense and replacing it with a wing T. But Syracuse won 19-8.

The Orangemen did so with a proposed line averaging 220 pounds, and a pro-caliber halfback named Ernie Davis, who is so good that opponents set their entire defense specifically to stop him. The very quick and alert Oregon State defense succeeded, but only in a manner of speaking. It held Davis to 5.7 yards per carry as against his 7.7 average in 1960. Yet, when the going got tough and Syracuse really wanted a score—as it did when leading by a shaky 13-8 early in the fourth quarter—it gave the ball to Davis, who chopped away on five straight tries from the State 18 until he had the touchdown Syracuse needed to put the game out of reach. That was Davis' second touchdown of the day.

Prothro, of course, had his own good

running backs. One of these backs is Terry Baker, a 6-foot 3-inch, 195-pounder who last year as a sophomore gained over 1,400 yards running and passing while alternating with Tailback Don Kasso. Because Baker is a most talented left-handed passer, Prothro dropped his single wing offense and installed Baker at T quarterback, with Kasso at left half. He then draped a huge, gray canvas around the State practice field and permitted no one, but no one, to peek. Throughout Saturday afternoon it was obvious that Prothro's T would be something to reckon with—next week. A severe case of the jitters caused State to lose five costly fumbles, two of which set up Syracuse scores. Still OSU outgained Syracuse on the ground, and Baker scored State's only touchdown on the best run of the day. The play started as a pass from the Syracuse 36-yard line and nearly ended when Baker was chased to mid-field by three burly tacklers. Somehow he eluded these three, plus five more, as he skittered and lunged 50 yards into the end zone.

While Ernie Davis and Terry Baker

were busy validating their lavish pre-season press notices, Texas Christian's ponderous-as-usual entry was glumly pondering its dubious starting assignment against Kansas University, described by many as one of the three best teams in the nation this year. TCU had finished an unaccustomed fifth in the Southwest Conference in 1960, and seemed not to have done much about it except grow a year older. Then, two days before the game, an unknown junior squad man (and an A student) named Jerry Spearman, who had worked for three years without the reward of appearing in a game, gave an eloquent invocation before a team luncheon. "Jerry's prayer was the best I ever heard," said TCU Coach Abe Martin. "I believe a kid like this will get a break before long, and I hope it's Saturday night."

Saturday night, with five minutes left to play and Kansas leading 16-14, Jerry Spearman got into the game for one play. He kicked a 36-yard field goal, and TCU won the game 17-16. TCU got into position for Spearman's kick after the game's two superb quarterbacks, John Hadl of Kansas and Sonny Gibbs of



SYRACUSE'S ERNIE DAVIS CUTS AWAY FROM TACKLERS ON 16-YARD SCORING RUN

TCU, had spent 55 minutes employing double reverses, screen passes, and pitch-outs on option plays, all to a virtual standstill. Besides passing 24 yards for one touchdown, the 6-foot 7-inch Gibbs, whose team had trailed all night, ran four yards for another. "Sure I let him run," says Coach Martin. "All he has to do is fall down and we've got two yards."

But while national reputations were blossoming or crumbling in Fort Worth and Portland, another kind of football team was demonstrating that what happened last year, or the year before, or the year before that, does not necessarily

mean that it will happen forever. For the University of Virginia, which had tied a national record by losing 28 games in a row (SI, Dec. 12), suddenly had an undefeated team. The Cavaliers whipped William & Mary 21-6, and the pensive expressions on the faces of thousands of Virginia alumni were a testament to man's ability to blot out memories of an unfortunate past.

Virginia set out to win fame and glory by adding something new. The innovation in this case was Coach Bill Elias, a positive thinker who began by forbidding any mention of That Streak, then announced he would soon like to

schedule a game with a Big Ten team and, finally, confirming rumors that he might be totally mad, said, "I think every coach in the country should have an opportunity to coach a team that has lost 28 straight."

The tone of the game was set on the very first play when W&M Quarterback Don Barton, who had shredded Virginia last year, rolled out to his left for a sweep. Four blue-clad Cavaliers charged in to bury Barton. When the afternoon ended Virginia had proved to its own satisfaction that there really is a Santa Claus, and Santa doesn't always wait until December to arrive.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

While Syracuse was showing its muscle in the West, Penn State stayed at home and tried desperately to prove that it was indeed the best in the East. But the Nittany Lions, who even used the slot T for the first time since 1959 in an effort to open up a determined Navy defense, suffered some tremulous moments before winning 20-10. Navy traded touchdowns and field goals with State Halfback Don Jones for a 10-10 tie. Then Coach Rip Engle dipped into his seemingly inexhaustible depth and came up with sophomore Quarterback Don Caem, who ran the Lions into position for a 25-yard field goal by Jonas and then sprinted 19 yards for the clinching touchdown.

Army simply had too many troops for Richmond. Hiding all but a few basic plays from visiting scouts, the Cadets spotted at the start, then plodded ahead to beat the Spiders 24-0 on the passing of Dock Eckert and the running of Fullback George Pappas. Brawny Boston College crushed Cincinnati 23-0; Villanova overpowered VMI 22-0; and surprisingly strong Buffalo beat Boston U 24-12.

THE SOUTH

Coach Johnny Griffith made his SEC debut flail in a hospital bed, where he was recovering from an emergency appendectomy—and before the day was over, his Georgia Bulldogs assumed the same position on the football field. While Alabama's Bear Bryant, stylishly decked out in a straw hat to guard against 90° heat, propped the sidelines, his linemen cracked Georgia heads with typical Crimson Tide ferocity, and a coterie of hardened backs, led by Mike Fracchia and Pat Trammell, ran over the Bulldogs 32-6.

Other conference teams sharpened their skills against nonleague foes. Mississippi exposed its abundant talents to TV while trouncing Arkansas 16-0 (see page 28); Vanderbilt defeated West Virginia 16-6; Mississippi State, with a zealous defense, beat Texas Tech 6-0; and Florida coasted past Clemson 21-17. Only Kentucky fared badly. Miami's ends rushed Jerry Woolum, the Wildcat passer, to near distraction, and Quarterback George Mira flipped a five-yard touchdown pass to Bill Miller to give the Hurricanes a 14-7 victory.

Duke, the ACC favorite, was harassed into four fumbles by a hard-charging South Carolina line and just did manage to edge the Gamecocks 7-6. In the Southern Conference, Furman's Bill Canty threw four touchdown passes as the Paladins walloped Davidson 45-19.

THE MIDWEST

Last year Missouri used the pass only as an occasional afterthought as it rushed its way to the Big Eight title. Last Saturday the Tigers decided to see how the other half lives and literally stole Washington State's passing game. While Missouri's usual careful defense diligently picked off four of Mel Melin's 34 tosses, Ron Taylor completed six out of nine for 124 yards and Mike Hunter pitched to Bill Tobin for a touchdown. But Missouri didn't completely neglect its running game. Using power sweeps and off-tackle slants, it chewed up the Cougar line as Taylor twice sneaked over from one yard out in a 28-6 rout.

Other Big Eight teams, except for Kansas, which was unexpectedly ambushed by TCU at Fort Worth, were just as profitably occupied. Dave Hoppmann, Iowa State tailback, broke away for a 40-yard touchdown in the third quarter, and the Cyclones beat



BACK OF THE WEEK: Wyoming's Chuck Larmen ran for 131 yards, scored once, kicked winning point against N.C. State.



LINEMAN OF WEEK: South Carolina's tackle Jim Moss, "torn and meaty," harassed Duke backs with relentless charges in 7-6 loss.

Oklahoma State 14-7 Kansas State, after nine straight losses, suddenly came alive under the deft touch of sophomore Larry Corrigan, who threw two touchdown passes, and upset Indiana 14-8. Nebraska too was off to a good start, soundly whipping North Dakota 33-0.

Utah had just as much trouble with the officials, who socked them with 80 yards in penalties, as it had with Wisconsin as the two teams slogged it out in the rain at Madison. The Redskins, who showed so much offense a week earlier, were boxed in by the testy Badger defense. Wisconsin didn't fare much better but won the game 7-0 on Quarterback Ron Miller's five-yard fluster to End Pat Richter in the second quarter.

THE SOUTHWEST

Conference teams, normally unpredictable, had an unpredictably pleasant weekend. At Waco, where there was considerable speculation over the ability of Baylor's Ronnie Bull to make the shift to fullback, the suspense lasted only until the fourth play from scrimmage. Bull took a hand-off against Wake Forest, hit the middle of the line on a trap and exploded 21 yards for a touchdown to set off a 31-0 rout of the Deacons. Before it was over, he had raced 20 yards with a

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CHRONOMASTER
BY CROTON NIVADA GRENCHE

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

screen pass from Bobby Ply for a second score, gained 74 yards and contributed four tackles from his outside linebacker post.

Rice, which had whittled even dubious Coach Jess Neely's appetite, successfully played defense with conservative LSU, just as successfully gave the piousless Tigers a lesson in offense as poker-faced Billy Cox's accurate passing sent them back to the bench with a 16-3 licking. Texas A&M and Houston mauled each other for 60 minutes and then settled for a 7-7 tie. SMU was no match for Maryland; stumbling and stumbling, the Mustangs lost 14-6.

Coach Warren Woodson's 200th victory a week earlier came in the nick of time. New Mexico's squiggly Bobby Santiago tore into New Mexico State for 139 yards, scored twice as the Lobos ended the Aggie 16-game winning streak, 41-7.

THE WEST

The wonderful football that had carried Washington to two victories over the Big Ten at the Rose Bowl collapsed with a suppressed squall when Purdue put down the Huskies 13-6. The doughy Boilermakers consistently outcharged the green Washington forwards, struck for 14- and 16-yard field goals by Skip Ohl and a touchdown in the first half, then settled back to hold off a sluggish second-half challenge.

Washington wasn't the only Big Five team to lose. Willie Brown, USC's talented sophomore, was hemmed in by Georgia Tech's ends and corner backs and never did get away as the Yellow Jackets poured through the weak Trojan defenses to win 27-7. California, playing without injured Randy Gold, was no match for speedier Texas and lost 28-3. Only UCLA and Stanford came through unscathed. The Bruins' Bobby Lee Smith ran for three touchdowns to lead UCLA past Air Force 19-6; seniors Chuck Butler and Larry Rouse teamed up on a 47-yard scoring pass as Stanford beat Tulane 9-7 to end its 11-game losing streak. In the North, Oregon trotted out Mel Renfro, its flashy sophomore, against Idaho. He ran 80 yards for a touchdown the second time he touched the ball, and the Ducks won 51-0.

Comfortably ahead 14-0 on Roman Gabriel's deft passing, North Carolina State saw its lead vanish into Laramie's thin air as, first, a bad pass from center sailed over Gabriel's head for a safety, then Wyoming's brilliant Chuck Laumon exploited a soft spot in the right side of the State line to lead the Cowboys on an 80-yard touchdown march for a 15-14 victory. Utah State, another Skyline contender, gained 546 yards and rolled over de-emphasized Montana 54-6. Cracked losing Coach Ray Jenkins: "I'm using a shotgun defense for the rest of the season. It consists of a multiple administration, an unbalanced coaching staff and a split alumni."

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Baylor over Pitt. The Pitt defenders, even as stout as they are, will have trouble containing All-America Ronnie Ball and the other swift Bear backs.

Penn State over Miami. Hurricane warnings are up for Penn State, but the bigger and more plentiful Nittany Lions have a better disciplined defense.

North Carolina State over North Carolina. Water after the loss to Wyoming, the Wolfpack will give the ball to Roman Gabriel and hope for the best.

Georgia Tech over Rice. The Owls have enough depth to make anyone blink, but stouter defense will live for Tech.

Ohio State over TCU. The Horned Frogs surprised Kansas, but they aren't likely to catch the Buckeyes napping.

Michigan State over Wisconsin. Spartan power will overcome the Badger passing game in the Big Ten opener.

Notre Dame over Oklahoma. The Irish are aching to regain their lost prestige. Big, strong backs and linemen are ready to overpower the green Sooners.

Missouri over Minnesota. The Tigers have added passing to their usual strong running game. The ponderous Gophers won't be able to handle both.

Kansas over Wyoming. More attention to defense and John Hadl's exceptional talent will carry the disappointed Jayhawkers past the ambitious but outmanned Cowboys.

UCLA over Michigan. High hopes won't be enough to restrain the improved Bruins. UCLA's single wing will be too much for the Wolverines.

Other games

ALABAMA OVER TENNESSEE
BOSTON COLLEGE OVER NORTHWESTERN
FLORIDA OVER FLORIDA STATE
HOLY CROSS OVER VILLANOVA
MARYLAND OVER CLEMSON
MISSISSIPPI OVER KENTUCKY
OREGON OVER UTAH
USC OVER SMU
UTAH STATE OVER WASHINGTON STATE
WASHINGTON OVER ILLINOIS

*Friday night game


LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
16 RIGHT, 3 WRONG, 1 TIE



NEW FACES: Miami's George Mira (left) completed six passes, including one that beat Kentucky; Ron DeGravo manipulated Purdue's T with veteran's skill, left-handed six out of nine passes for 72 yards against Washington.



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Coming of age in Dallas

The Cowboys, with a full year of experience, showed the Vikings what a pro team needs

Very likely the nearest thing to an absolute in professional football is experience. This was demonstrated rather conclusively in Dallas last week when the Cowboys, with one full year's experience as a team, soundly defeated the better equipped but brand-new Minnesota Vikings 21-7.

The Vikings, with their starting backfield of Mel Triplett at fullback, Hugh McElhenney and Tom Mason at half and either George Shaw or Fran Tarkenton

at quarterback, are surely the equal of at least half the backfields in the National Football League. Their offensive and defensive lines are, for the most part, sound. But they are not a deep club and neither are the Cowboys. The difference in the teams—which amounted to two touchdowns' worth Sunday—lay in the fact that the Cowboys have spent over a year becoming accustomed to one another.

The Vikings are an extraordinarily well-schooled team for the time they have spent together. Norman Van Brocklin, in his first year as a head coach, has done a deft job of welding players from disparate systems into a cohesive whole; on this long, hot afternoon in the Cotton

Bowl, he also proved that his temper is still under reasonable control. When his secondary defense leaked grievously at times, he kicked the grass, when his linebackers misread their keys, he thrust his hands strongly into his pockets and stared at his feet. But he controlled himself. And his team, even in losing, was sound and occasionally explosive, bothered only by the faults of youth.

The Cowboys suffered the same inconsistencies a year ago but suffered them much more severely than the Vikings. Now they are a poised, alert team, and they have made three important additions: Amos Marsh, Don Perkins and Frank Clarke.

Marsh was overlooked by both the NFL and the AFL in the draft but he has quickly developed into a fine fullback. He played his college football at Oregon State, where he was a back for a couple of years, but as a senior he was shifted to end and, apparently, forgotten. He caught only 10 passes in his last year, and no one expected much of him when he reported to the Cowboy training camp at St. Olaf, Minn.

Tom Landry, coach of the Dallas club, moved Marsh to fullback. Marsh did not

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explode into brilliance immediately, but he is a studious, careful man and he worked hard at his job. "Hardest thing I had to learn was how to run in an open field," he said last week after gaining 64 yards in 11 carries. "My coaches helped some, but I learned most from movies. I studied Jim Taylor, the Green Bay fullback. He's got great balance. I looked at his moves over and over, and then I tried to use them. I watched Jim Brown in the Cleveland movies. He's a slider, gets hit, bounces sideways, keeps running. L. G. Dupre, on our club, he's got real good moves. And I looked at lots of pictures on Hugh McElhenney. He's real good at picking his way and finding routes."

Perkins, a halfback from New Mexico, came to the Cowboys last year only to be injured and miss the season. He gives the team good outside speed, something that was completely lacking in 1960.

"He's just beginning to come back," one of the Cowboy coaches said. "He was great when he came to us last year. He'd find his hole quick, go through it and cut one way or the other to the sideline. But this year he was hesitating at the hole, then he'd get through and he'd run head on into someone. He couldn't make up his mind. Now he's got the feel back and he's doing things right." Perkins gained 108 yards in 17 carries.

A plus in Clarke

The Cowboys felt keenly the lack of a good deep receiver last year; they acquired Clarke from the Cleveland Browns and discovered they had an extra dividend in him. Believed to be poor as a short-haul pass catcher because he heard, too clearly, the footsteps of the approaching halfback or linebacker on the short, dangerous catches, Clarke proved himself under extreme pressure against the Vikings when he made two superb catches of short passes. He did the same thing a week ago against the Pittsburgh Steelers.

So the quick maturing of three players plus the gradual solidification of a group of strangers into a team has made the Cowboys a good professional club. Add to that the development of Don Meredith as a quarterback and the emergence of the Dallas secondary defense into the kind of close-knit, almost telepathic group that once marked the Giant defenders when Landry coached them, and it becomes apparent why the Cowboys are going to win some more games this year.

END

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A warm feeling for a wild bird

Ikuma Dan, author of this appealing tale of an unusual adventure with a wild kite of Japan, is one of his country's foremost composers, creator of the background music for the well-known films "Samurai" and "Rikishi-Man." His story first appeared in the newspaper "Mainichi"

One morning, the summer before last, I suddenly had an absurd idea. I thought I would like to tame a free-flying kite. From the time I was a child I have kept a lot of birds. I should have been satisfied with keeping canaries and parakeets, but I always tired quickly of small birds kept mainly for their looks. I couldn't stand the attitude of fearfulness, even within the safety of their cages, of birds who couldn't live on their own outside the cage. At the same time I knew there were some species that would remain wild no matter how kind one was to them.

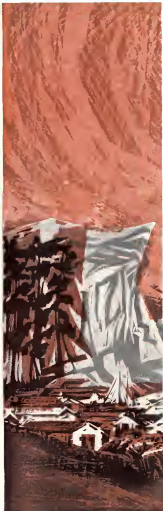
Unlike pet birds kept for show, wild birds have a balanced character. I think I can say that the species of wild birds I have fed have no limit in character. And each one has taught me something new about the miraculousness of the laws of nature.

The interesting thing about wild birds is the ease with which they become accustomed to man. The fact that wild birds become friendly while so-called pet birds do not appears to me to provide considerable food for thought. It seems that in this is a preliminary key to the secret of the character of birds.

But it pained me to keep wild birds penned up in confining cages. Thus, when the birds became accustomed to me and a sort of friendship had sprung up between us, I let them out of their cages—first only within the house, then later outside. These freed birds took up abode in the trees around the house or in the forest on the hill behind my house. Some of them returned to my room at night, and in the morning flew off again.

Then this one morning I was standing in my garden. I was watching five kites making wide circles high in the sky. My house is located on the seashore

at Hayama. On the northern side stretches out the series of low hills peculiar to the Mura Peninsula. The kites were flying high above these hills. An idea struck me. I went into the kitchen, picked up several slices of meat left over from last night's sukiyaki and returned to the garden. Holding my right hand with the meat high over my head, I continued to watch the kites.





Woodcut by Robert Quackenbush

I moved my hand, waving the strips of meat. High in the sky, the kites began to notice. The wide, lazy circles made by the soaring birds as they searched the ground for food suddenly became erratic. Two of the five birds began slowly descending a little at a time.

For two hours I kept on waving my hand, unable to wipe away the sweat brought on by the blazing

summer sun. When I moved my left hand to wipe away the sweat, the birds seemed to become alarmed. At the end of the two-hour test of endurance, the kites had descended to fly in slow circles only 20 or 30 meters above my head. I could clearly see each brown feather on their bodies. I saw that the birds' eyes were much more gentle-looking than I had been

continued

led to believe. When one bird flew down even lower, I suddenly threw the strips of meat upward.

I believed that the kite would catch the meat in its claws or in its beak. But the bird was startled and flew off.

The next day, about the same time, I went through the whole routine again. This time one bird flew in from the hills almost immediately. Apparently much more accustomed to me than the day before, it flew down close to me in a short time. When I threw the meat the bird swooped down and caught it neatly in its claws, then proceeded to devour the meat in flight. After repeating this five or six times the bird flew off seaward.

Appointment at 10:30

From then on every day, except the days when I had to go to Tokyo on my work, the kite and I played our little game. By the time summer was over, the kite was flying low circles over my house exactly at 10:30 every morning. According to other members of my family, the kite invariably appeared on days when I was absent, but when any one of them came out with the intention of feeding the bird, the kite flew away.

In this way, friendship between myself and the kite became very close. Eventually, I didn't have to throw the meat. The bird would cleverly take it right out of my hand. On days when I went out into the garden before the kite appeared, I would whistle, imitating the bird's call, and wave my arm in wide circles. The bird would suddenly come flying swiftly in, either from high above or from the woods on the nearby hills. Occasionally the bird would alight on my head or shoulder. Even when I gently stroked its breast feathers it seemed to trust me. Frequently, when I sat on the big rocks on the seashore fishing, the kite would watch me. And when I gave it some small fish, it devoured them eagerly.

Strangely, the kite failed to appear when December came around. But in March of the following year it turned up again daily.

Nature is full of mysteries. I know no reason why friendship should have blossomed between me and this particular kite. I don't know where the bird winters from December to March and I know nothing about its family. The only thing I know is that between the bird and me there exists a warm feeling. Call it affection or friendship.

END

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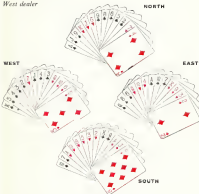
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A time for timing

In the prespree era, Albert Einstein found few people who were capable of understanding the fourth dimension—time. People could see length and breadth; they could see and feel thickness. But who could see time?

Not many, actually, even today. This is not true, however, of a certain breed of bridge player. Many, of course, still measure a hand in terms of the finite things they see on the face of the cards, for example, high-card power, trump length or distributional power. But a surprising number of others have a highly developed sense of the fourth dimension. Here is a hand in which time played an important part. It was defended by Mrs. Gratian Goldstein and my close associate, Leland Ferer, co-winners recently of the pair championship in the Florida Regional tournament.

North-South vulnerable
West dealer



WEST (Mrs. Goldstein)	NORTH	EAST (Ferer)	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	1♠	1♥
1♠	3♥	PASS	3♥
PASS	4♥	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 5 of diamonds

Ely Culbertson dubbed the one-two-three-four sequence of arriving at game "papa-mama" bidding, because it was typical of some husband-and-wife games. But there are some hands in which no better bidding is available—sometimes this innocent sequence affords an advantage in that it gives little helpful information to the enemy.

At several tables, at the same four-heart contract, South won the first trick with the diamond ace and led the queen of clubs, taken by East. The normal diamond return was won by West with the 10 and he shifted to spades—but too late. Declarer put up dummy's ace, crossed to the club king, trumped a diamond in dummy and led a third round of clubs.

South ruffed this trick and, when both opponents followed suit, he was no longer dependent on dropping the queen of trumps. He cashed the heart ace, led to dummy's heart king and played a good club. East was able to ruff but only with the high trump, and South got rid of his losing spade. Thus, having lost only one club, one diamond and the high-trump ruff, South brought home the four-heart contract.

When Mrs. Goldstein and Ferer played West and East, the opening lead was again a diamond, and here also South led a club to the second trick. But when Ferer won with the ace, he immediately shifted to a low spade and thereby gained an all-important time unit. West's king forced dummy's ace. Declarer got the same good break in clubs and the same bad break in trumps—but with this big difference: he couldn't get back to dummy *in time* because the North hand still had a low diamond.

Mrs. Goldstein's opponent did the best he could. After losing the first lead, when winning the suit, he took down the jack of diamonds, hoping to keep East, the hand with the high trump, off lead and salvage a diamond ruff from the wreckage. But Mrs. Goldstein won with the queen of diamonds and was able to put Ferer in with the spade queen. The heart queen then drew dummy's last trump, and declarer wound up losing another diamond trick, to go down two.

EXTRA TRICK

Don't be in a hurry to cash tricks in one suit before you establish tricks in another. Collecting your winners too soon can give your opponents the timing advantage and set up their communication from hand to hand. But time is a tricky dimension; it requires nice judgment to know when to cash every possible trick and when to delay.

END



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ORDEAL OF ROGER MARIS

continued from page 23

They beat Don Mossi 1-0 in the first game on Bill Skowron's single in the ninth inning. Maris and Mantle were hitless, but still they attracted the largest crowds in the clubhouse.

"Mossi had good stuff," Mantle said of his own effort.

"When you're going lousy, you're lousy," Maris said of his.

The next day Maris hit two home runs, No. 52 and No. 53, but Mantle pulled a muscle checking a swing. "I'll take you out," Houk told Mantle on the bench. "I'll help," Mantle said. "I'll bunt. I'll field. I'll get on." Mantle stayed in the lineup, and a day later he hit two, his 49th and his 50th. The Tigers never recovered and now, with the Yankees all but certain to win the pennant, fans, reporters and photographers turned all their attention to Maris and Mantle. Newspapers started guessing games, with cash prizes for those who forecast how many homers the two would hit. A stripper, playing a minor burlesque circuit, adopted the name of Mickey Maris. A Japanese sports editor sent a list of 18 questions to the Associated Press in New York, requesting that Maris and Mantle answer all of them.

After hearing five or six, Maris said to the A.P. reporter, "This is driving me nuts."

"That's my next question," the reporter shouted. "They want to know how you're reacting to all this."

During the next week at Yankee Stadium, Maris hit No. 54, a fierce liner to right center off Tom Cheney of Washington, No. 55, a high drive into the bleachers off Dick Stigman of Cleveland and No. 56, another drive into the bleachers, off Mudcat Grant, another Indian. Mantle also hit three, and this week, which ended on September 10, was the last in which Mantle fully shared the pre- and postgame pressures.

As a young ballplayer, Mantle had been almost mute in the presence of interviewers. "Yup," was a long answer; "maybe," was an oration. But over the years he has developed a noncommittal glibness and a fair touch with a light line. "When I hit 48," he told a group one day, "I said to Rog, 'I got my man. The pressure's off me.'" (The year Ruth hit 60, Lou Gehrig hit 47.) Such comments kept Mantle's press relations reasonably relaxed, but Maris, three years

younger than Mantle, 10 years younger a star, had to labor. Maris insists that such laboring had no effect on his play, but others close to him are not so sure. "Those daily press conferences didn't do him any good," remarked one friend.

Two days before the Yankee home stand ended, a reporter asked Maris about the fans behind him in right field. "Terrible," Maris said, "Maybe the worst in the league." He recounted a few unprintable remarks that had been shouted at him and, under consistent prodding, ran down the customers for 10 or 15 minutes. The next day after reading the papers he said to an acquaintance, "That's it. I been trying to be a good guy to the writers, but I quit. You heard me talking. Did I sound like the papers made it look?"

"No."

"Well, from now on I'll tell the writers what pitch I hit, but no more big spiels."

"Because one or two reporters roughed you, are you going to take it out on everybody?"

Maris looked uncomfortable. "Listen," he said, "I like a lot of the writers. But even so, they are No. 2. No. 1 is myself. I got to look out for myself. If it hurts someone else, damn it, I'm sorry, but I got to look out for myself more than I have."

A bad press

Maris hit no homers in the double-header that concluded the home stand and afterward committed the only truly graceless act of his ordeal. "Well?" a reporter said to Maris, whose locker adjoins Elston Howard's.

"He hit a homer, not me," Maris said, gesturing toward Howard. "Mr. Howard, tell these gentlemen how you did it."

"If I had 55 homers, I'd be glad to tell the gentlemen," Howard said, pleasantly.

"Fifty-six," Maris corrected. "What are you trying to do? Shortchange me?" Then he marched into the players' lounge to watch television.

A fringe of Hurricane Carla arrived in Chicago on Tuesday, the 12th, shortly after the Yankees. The game had to be called in the bottom of the sixth, when a downpour hit Comiskey Park. Maris had come to bat four times and gone homerless. Reporters asked him if he'd had good pitches to hit.

"I didn't get too many strikes," Maris said. "But they were called strikes. Soar had me swinging in self-defense."

The next day's newspapers headlined that casual, typical ballplayer's gripe. Maris was shocked and horrified. Until that moment he had not fully realized the impact his words now carried. Until that moment he had not fully realized the price one must pay for being a hero. He was disturbed, upset, withdrawn. Tortured would be too strong a word, but only slightly. He showed his hurt by saying little; his mouth appeared permanently set in its hard line. He hit no home runs in Chicago and when the Yankees moved on to Detroit he hit none in a two-night double-header.

That was the night he declined to meet the press. His brother, Rudy, a mechanical engineer, had driven from his home in Cincinnati to see the games, and later Roger and Rudy sat in the trainer's room, from which reporters are barred. "Get him out," a reporter told Bob Fishel, the Yankees publicity director.

Fishel talked briefly to Maris. "He says he's not coming out," Fishel announced. "He says he's been ripped in every city he's been in, and he's not coming out."

"Rog won't come out," a reporter told Houk.

"That's his business," Houk said.

"How come we can't go in and talk to him, and his brother can?"

"Are you trying to tell me how to run my clubhouse?" Houk said, flaring. "Is that what you're trying to do?"

"But his brother—"

"That's right, he's talking to his brother, and if he had 150 brothers they couldn't all come in, but he's only got one. If that isn't the funniest thing all year, you telling me a man has no right to talk to his brother."

When things calmed, someone said quietly to Houk, "The important thing is for him to make an appearance."

"I know that," Houk said, "and I know Maris, and now is not the time to talk to him. We'll all be more relaxed later on."

Eventually Maris reconsidered, relaxed and emerged.

"Any complaints about the unspringing tonight?" a Detroit newspaperman asked.

"Nope," Maris said, "and you got me wrong—I don't complain about unspringing."

When the reporters left, Mantle walked over to Maris. "Mick, it's driving me nuts. I'm telling you," Maris said.

"And I'm telling you, you got to get used to it," Mantle said. Houk then joined

continued



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ORDEAL OF ROGER MARIS continued

Mantle, and the manager talked to Maris for a long time.

The next night Maris hit No. 57, the one Al Kaline retrieved, and a day later, after missing a home run by a foot when he tripped off the fence in right, he won the game for the Yankees in the 12th inning with No. 58, a drive into the upper deck in right center field.

As the ball carried high and far, the Yankee dugout erupted in excitement. "Attaboy, Rog!" the most sophisticated players in the major leagues shouted, and "Yea," and "Attababy."

"It was one of the warmest things I've seen all year," said Bob Cere, the outfielder. "We'll know how tough it's been for Rog, and I guess we all decided right then, all at once, that we wanted him to know how much we were for him."

The team went to Baltimore by train. Maris had hit and lost a homer there on July 17, when rain stopped a game in the fifth inning before it was official. He had hit no other homers in the Orioles' large park. If he were going to catch Ruth in 154 games, he would have to hit two there in two days.

He hit none the first night, dragging through a double-header. Now, in addition to hools from the stands, he was getting hoots by mail (two dozen letters) and wire (six telegrams). "A lot of people in this country must think it's a crime to have anyone break Ruth's record," he said.

The second night, in the Yankees' 154th game, Mantle, who had long since left center stage, vanished into the wings with a cold. Before the game his eyes were glazed and he was coughing and spitting phlegm. He wasn't well enough to play, and game 154 was left to Maris alone.

No one who saw game 154, who beheld Maris' response to the challenge, is likely soon to forget it. His play was as brave and as moving and as thrilling as a baseball player's can be. There were more reporters and photographers around him now than ever before. Newsmen swelled the Yankee party, which normally numbers 45, to 71. And this was the town where Babe Ruth was born, and the crowd had not come to cheer Maris.

The first time up, Maris shot a line drive to Earl Robinson in right field. He had overpowered Milt Pappas' pitch, but he had not gotten under the ball quite enough. Perhaps an eighth of an inch on the bat was all that kept the drive from sailing higher and farther.

In the third inning Maris took a ball, a breaking pitch inside, swung and missed, took another ball and then hit No. 59, a 390-foot line drive that all but broke a seat in the bleachers. Three more at bats and one home run to tie.

When he came up again, Dick Hall was pitching. Maris took two strikes, and cracked a liner, deep but foul, to right. Then he struck out. When Maris came to bat again in the seventh inning the players in the Yankee bullpen, behind the fence in right center, rose and walked to the fence. "Come on, Roger, baby, hit it to me," shouted Jim Coates. "If I have to go 15 rows into the stands, I'll catch that No. 60 for you."

"You know," said Whitey Ford, "I'm really nervous."

Maris took a strike, then whaled a tremendous drive to right field. Again he had overpowered the ball and again he had hit a foul. Then he lifted a long fly to right center, and there was that eighth of an inch again. An eighth of an inch lower on the bat and the long fly might have been a home run—the home run.

Hoist Wilhelm was pitching in the ninth. He threw Maris a low knuckleball, and Maris, checking his swing, fouled it back. Wilhelm threw another knuckler, and Maris moved his body but not his bat. The knuckler, veering abruptly, hit the bat and the ball rolled back to Wilhelm, who tagged Maris near first base.

"I'm just sorry I didn't go out with a real good swing," Maris said. "But that Wilhelm." Heshook his head. He had overpowered pitches in four of his five times at bat and had gotten only one home run. "Like they say," he said, "you got to be lucky."

Robert Reitz, an unemployed Baltimorean, retrieved No. 59 and announced that the ball was worth \$2,500.

"I'd like to have it," said Maris, blunt to the end, "but I'm not looking to get rid of that kind of money for it."

The Yankees won the 154th game, 4-2, and with it clinched the American League pennant. Maris wore a gray sweater at the victory party, and someone remarked that in gray and with his crew-cut, he looked like a West Point football player. One remembered then how young he is, and how he believes in honesty as youth does.

"The big thing with you," a friend said to him, "is you tell the truth and don't go phony."

"That's all I know," Roger Maris said. "That's the only way I know how to be. That's the way I'm gonna stay."

END

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MY FATHER WAS A FEARLESS FAN

by JONATHAN RHOADES



*As a spectator the old man was
a participant—so was
brother Charley. Everybody
from football player
to foxhounds hated them*

I was only a little kid when my father took the whole family to an ice hockey game. Midway in the second period an awful fight developed. Over the screams and yells of the home-town crowd I could hear one blood-curdling, semihysterical voice shouting, "Kill the son of a bucket! Kill him!" It was my father.

I know the reader will find it hard to believe that Harvey Rhoades, friend to small animals and sick birds, giver of bubble gum to little children, secret Santa Claus and Tooth Fairy, could be

standing up waving his program and calling for the annihilation of some poor son of a bucket from Boston. But he was. My mother was as perplexed as I. "Harvey!" she said, "You sit right down this instant and compose yourself!"

"What?" said Father. "What? What?" He turned around like a man coming out of a dream. He looked sheepishly from Mother to me to Susan to Charley, as though seeing us for the first time in his life. Then he sat down and said to Mother, "I didn't mean for anybody to kill anybody, Caroline. I mean I only said it in a sporting way."

Well, I spent many a long and sleepless night trying to figure that one out. How do you kill somebody in a sporting way? I finally came to the conclusion that people are not themselves at sporting events. Twenty-five years have now gone by, and I have been forced to revise my conclusion only slightly: People are themselves at sporting events. It is when they are away from the arena that they

are putting on an act. In fact, I would say that the best way to find out what people are really like is to study them in battle or at an athletic contest. Of the two, I have always found the second to be more enjoyable.

The thing is, we Americans throw our own egos and psyches into the games we see. We tend to identify with the bruised and battered quarterback, standing up under that awful red-dogging attack from those rats on the other team; we put ourselves into the shoes of that stout-hearted little left-hander who has gone 3 and 0 on the batter, with the bases loaded and nobody out in the ninth; we see a little bit of ourselves in that valiant horse lying 10 lengths back at the stretch turn. (For that matter, my wife says that there *is* a little bit of me in every horse I bet on, or maybe vice versa.)

This all became clear to me as I grew older and Father and I attended more and more sports activities together. I realized that this quiet, subdued man

continued



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SPECTATING by Tom Mead

saved up his emotions for the day of the game. The simple words "Play ball!" or "They're off" or "Gentlemen, start your engines" would turn him into a volcano of passion and violence and noise.

At the race track, for example, Father would treat each \$2 bet as though he were risking the equity on our house. If Father's horse won, he would jump up and down on his chair, hug old ladies sitting near by and blow kisses to all the men. The horse hadn't won; *Father* had won. Normally, this would not have been offensive, but you have to remember that most of the people sitting around you at a horse race have just lost money.

Other adventures of the Rhoades family, some of them first published in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, are chronicled in a book, *Over the Fence It Out*, published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston (\$3.50).

They are not in a mood to sing jolly songs or propose a toast to your \$5.20 worth of good fortune. Father could never catch on to this idea. "I don't know, Sonny," he said one day after a man had told him to *siddown-and-shuddup-yeh-dumb-jerk-yeh*. "People just don't know how to lose gracefully."

Father was certainly right about that, and he proved it himself many a time. If the horse carrying our huge \$2 investment on his nose failed to win, Father took it as an offense of the most personal sort. In the first place, he had always nursed a suspicion that all sports events were fixed. To Father, every baseball game was a Black Sox scandal, and every horse race was a boat race. It was merely a matter, Father said, of figuring out which horse had been given the most cocaine. Furthermore, he often suspected the horses themselves of being the fixers. He would watch them as they turned onto the track, and if he saw two of them hanging together head to head, he would turn to me and say, "See? One of those two horses will win. They're working it out right now." Strangely enough, he was often right.

Father's antic behavior at horse races became so disturbing that we finally talked him into simply sitting in the

continued

Jacket by Stratiopis

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SPECTATING *continued*

paddock area during the running of the race. There we could hear the progress of the race over the loudspeaker, enjoy the sun, eat popcorn and chart the next race. On the whole this worked out better, but not for the horses. If Father had a loser, he would walk up to the paddock fence and wait for the offending animal to appear. He would say in his angry, high-pitched voice: "How could you do this to me? How could you?" He would fling the torn-up \$2 ticket in the horse's face and stalk off. I always felt sorry for the poor horse—it was bad enough to lose, without being criticized for it—but Father was unrelenting.

Father had the traditional American approach to spectating at a bullfight, but he took it (or it took him) a little further than most. One summer we were visiting relatives in San Diego, and on a Sunday afternoon Father drove the whole family down to see a *corrida* in Tijuana. None of us even had much of an idea what it was about, except Father who, of course, claimed to be an expert. He explained to us that the bullfighter usually won, but if you could get the right odds—say about 12 to 5—the bull wasn't a bad bet and could even be an overlay.

Soon we were sitting on the sunny side of the bull ring, in the middle of some of the wildest-eyed fans in the world, and Father was on his feet shouting at the top of his lungs. "Come on, tor-ro, let him have it, baby!"

The bullfighter swirled his cape and passed the bull by a fraction of an inch. "Attaway, tor-ro!" Father cried. "You're getting the range now!" This might have gone on all afternoon, and some of the bilingual fans in our section might have given Father a moment of truth of his own, but a kindly trio of ushers rushed down to our seats and escorted us out. I will never forget Father's closing shot. "Hey, tor-ro," he hollered, just before we were whisked out of sight of the ring. "stick it in his cow!"

Father's favorite spectating passion was tennis, a game he had played mulling well in his youth. The first rule of tennis viewing is, "Don't cheer during

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a rally." If one is wearing soft gloves, one may politely slap one glove against the other (gently? gently!) to denote one's exuberance, but anything louder than that is considered gauche. Father knew all this, but he was simply unable to restrain himself. "Listen, Sonny," he would say to me before a big match, "if I get up and start rooting, you pull me right down."

Then a rally would begin, and Father would squirm, and all of a sudden he'd be on his feet screaming, "Way to hit it, baby! Oh, beauty, beauty, beauty! Now kill it! Kill it! Kill it!" Down on the court Father's hero would slam a shot, and the opponent would make a brilliant recovery and Father would shout, "He was lucky that time, Ellsworth, baby. Now give it to him, right on the baseline, attaway, baby!" All this noise sounded exactly like a string of cannon crackers going off at High Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral. I would pound and pummel Father and climb on his back to pull him down, but he couldn't even tell I was there. Then the set would end, and there would be nothing for Father to shout about, and he would suddenly realize that everybody was glowering at him. At such times he would look around embarrassedly, slump back into his seat and stare straight ahead. Soon he would nudge me, and without turning his head he would say out of the corner of his mouth, "What'd I say, Sonny? What'd I say?"

I always soft-pedaled my answer. "You just gave him a little encouragement," I would say. "Nothing much."

I was very pleased last year when the high officials of tennis announced that they would permit a "reasonable expression of excitement" by spectators. History had at last caught up with Father, and not a minute too soon. The week after the announcement, he was at Forest Hills shouting at a chubby linesman: "You really blew that one, Fatty Yes, yow, Rabbit Ears!"

It was difficult to argue with Father about such matters; he was one of those fortunate human beings who are born with the knack of always being right. When first and second base were occupied and there were less than two out,

Father would jump up and shout "Out!" as soon as the batter hit an infield fly or, for that matter, a home run. When a left-hander would start to work in the bullpen, Father would say instantly, "That's Asuza warming up." If I pointed out to Father that Asuza was a right-hander and had been sent to the minors three months ago and then had retired from baseball, Father would simply say, "Well, he's back tonight. I'd know that motion anywhere." Father was equally expert at basketball games, where he would call all fouls, except those called by the referee.

I suppose it will come as no surprise that the son of so bawdy a fan should turn out a little strange himself. I do not refer to myself (I am the epitome of grace and dignity at a sports event) but to my brother Charley.

Charley was not the athletic type. He was the only kid in our neighborhood who had to have a five-minute rest period after a game of jacks. If he got into a baseball game it was an event, and if he got any wood on the ball at all, even to hit into a fielder's choice, it was discussed in the neighborhood for days. The result was that Charley was always the last player chosen in our pick-up ball games. He would stand there feigning nonchalance, looking around and whistling softly, while the other kids were selected one by one. Once in a while a captain would say, "O.K., I'll take Charley, but his outs don't count." More often, he wasn't chosen at all.

The result of this sort of trauma is predictable; every kid has to eat a peck of dirt and every kid has to take part in so many games. If he doesn't take part in them in one way, he'll take part in another. So it was with Charley. Denied a chance to play in the neighborhood games, he played instead in the games at Shibe Park. That's right, Shibe Park, now known as Connie Mack Stadium. Charley would sit along the left-field foul line and reflect the sun into the outfielders' eyes with a 10¢ mirror. In 1938 Charley and his mirror had six errors, two triples and an inside-the-park home run for the season.

Thus encouraged, Charley started go-

continued

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SPECTATING *continued*

ing to golf tournaments, where he would drop an extra ball or two far down the fairway before the golfers teed off, thus causing a small but significant amount of confusion later. Then he bought one of those booklets that offer to teach you how to "throw your voice" and became a fairly competent ventriloquist. Armed with this new skill, Charley began to make the rounds of the tennis matches. He would sit at the end of the court and shout "Fault!" on service, without moving his lips. He did not do this on every serve; merely on the ones that were in. He was finally caught and thrown out of the Merion Cricket Club, but not before he caused three players to file complaints about the officiating.

Charley especially enjoyed intruding in upper-class sports events and often visited the Rose Tree Hunt Club, where that thrilling and unpredictable athletic contest, the fox hunt, took place. There was a meadow where the dogs crossed. Charley would hide in the high grass, his ultrasonic dog whistle at the ready, and when the hounds would come into range he would let go a big, silent blast. Those dogs would stop as though they had hit a cement wall, and a few seconds

behind them would come the brave hunters, almost catapulting over their horses' heads in the sudden halt, interrupting their silly shouts of "yoicks" and "tally-ho" and "pip-pip" or whatever it is they holler as they prepare to lynch the fox. By the time the hounds got back into action, the fox would be all the way into the next county and there would be no meat on the hunters' table that night.

You might think that a man would outgrow tendencies like these, especially after becoming a success in business, but not Charley. Every week he comes up with some new idea for infiltrating an athletic event in which he is not welcome. He sits in the bleachers, wearing a glove and mask, and if he catches a ball (about twice a year) he does not merely take it home. He waits a few innings until some crucial play is going on, then throws this supernumerary ball smack into the middle of the action. He shows up at track meets packing a starter's gun with blank cartridges. He likes to stand in kibitzing crowds at bridge tournaments and say "double!" and "redouble!" through clenched teeth the way he used to say "Fault!" Once he

continued



How to pick a winner

By Eddie Arcaro



Picking a winner at the pari-mutuel window is not an easy thing to do. Thousands of veteran horseplayers can give solemn testimony to this fact.

And, for a jockey, picking the winner is no picnic either. It takes judgment—lots of it!

The fastest horse, perfectly true, should win. But his speed alone won't get him the money. His speed—*together* with his jockey's judgment—can. Let me put it another way: I believe that 80% of the time the outcome of a race depends on the individual thinking on the part of the jockey on the best horse.

You've got to be on the best horse—or on one of the best horses—to win anyway. You don't win on huns, no matter how good a jockey you are. So, for the jocks-on-top contestants in any race, good judgment, or what I call generalship, plus a liberal amount of racing luck, will win. Most jockeys can go back to any given race and see plain as day how some little thing done either right or wrong turned the race. So it's plain to me that the jock with the best judgment—and this includes an ability to notice his opponent's errors and take advantage of them—can often win even though he's not on the best horse in the race.

Picking a winner involves a lot of factors—most of them unknown to the average horseplayer. But if there is a formula, it might be this: Pick the fastest horse and the jockey with the best judgment—and do it the right way.

How do you do this? I'm frank to say I don't know. Maybe that's what makes horseracing the fascinating sport that it is.

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SPECTATING *continued*

carried a big gong to a prizefight and foreshortened several rounds before being invited to leave. You would think that all these successes would give Charley a warm glow of satisfaction as he looks backward at 25 years of accomplishment in sport. But no, Charley does not reckon himself a success, and all because of one happening:

You will recall that a few years ago the Cleveland Browns were sending their plays in from the bench via a transmitter on the bench and a short-wave receiver in the quarterback's helmet. When Charley heard about this he couldn't sleep. He spent every night for a month in his workshop. When the Browns arrived in town, Charley was ready. He had rigged up a miniature transmitter; he was going to send in a few plays himself. "Think of it," he said to his wife. "Me, Charley Rhoades, a pro coach!"

The big night came. Charley sat in the end zone, practically alone with his transmitter. "All right, boys," he said into the microphone. "Let's open up with a triple reverse!" The Browns threw a pass. Charley ordered them to throw another pass. The Browns worked the draw play. Charley sent in a quick kick; the Browns passed for a touchdown.

"All right, you guys, now pay attention!" Charley snapped when the Browns had the ball again. "Let's have a center plunge right up the center. C'mon, gang, hit 'em hard, rock 'em and sock 'em!" The Browns spun up to the line of scrimmage and executed a beautiful flare pass good for 37 yards. Charley made a few more half-hearted tries, but finally stomped out in disgust. The Browns just wouldn't pay any attention to him. It wasn't until the next day that Charley found out what had gone wrong. A fuse had blown in the Browns' radio, and they had gone back to their old system of sending in plays by routing the guards. Nobody had heard Charley, except maybe a few ham radio operators and some ships at sea. It was a bitter blow for one who had devoted his life to athletics. But Charley will come up with something. That son of a bucket always does. **END**

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF



HARD WORKERS were Sandy Koufax of Dodgers, who won in relief, then in 13 innings, Jim Archer of A's, who had shutout and save.

Assembling a pennant winner is comparable to putting together a jigsaw puzzle. It takes both know-how and luck to make the right trades, to fit players into a smooth unit. This art of trading has helped both Cincinnati and New York. Five of their seven regular infielders came to the Reds in trades: First Baseman Gordy Coleman (from the Indians in 1959) and Dick Gerritt (Tigers, May 1961), Second Baseman Don Blasingame (Giants, April 1961), Third Baseman Gene Freese (White Sox, December 1960) and Shortstop Eddie Kasko (Cardinals, 1958). Three outfielders—Gus Bell (Pirates, 1952), Jerry Lynch (Pirates, 1956) and Wally Post (Phillies, 1960)—came from other teams. Jerry Zimmerman, a \$77,000 Red Sox bonus boy, and Darrell Johnson, obtained from the Phillies this year, have done most of the catching. And without Bob Purkey (Pirates, 1957), Bill Henry (Cubs, 1959), Jim Brosnan (Cardinals, 1959) and Joey Jay (Braves, December 1960), the Reds would be nowhere near a pennant. New York has six former Athletics: Third Baseman Cleo Boyer (1957), Outfielder Hector Lopez and Pitcher Ralph Terry (1959), Outfielder Bob Cerv and Pitcher Bud Daley (1961). The sixth is a fellow named Roger Maris (1959).

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Dollar for dollar the New York Yankees probably have been the bettors' best friend in the past quarter century, and once again they have rewarded their backers by winning the pennant. It was their 19th in the

past 26 years, and it mattered little that Detroit won four of five last week. Don Moss, after losing four in a row, won his 15th game with a four-hitter. Steve Barber of Baltimore also pitched a four-hitter, beating the Yankees 1-0 for his eighth shutout and 17th victory. Jim Gentile hit his fifth grand slam of the year and sixth of his career, to once again help Chuck Estrada. All of Gentile's grand slams have been hit in games pitched by Estrada. Chicago wasted a bases-loaded homer by Floyd Robinson (.412 BA for the week) but got excellent pitching and won four of five. Neither Cleveland's home-run hitters nor its pitchers had much success, and the Indians lost five of seven. Rookie Sam McDowell suffered what was diagnosed as a pulled cartilage during his major-league pitching debut. Further examination, however, revealed that he had, inexplicably, broken two ribs. As the Indians struggled to stay in the first division, the batters and pitchers blamed each other for the team's poor record. The Cleveland scoreboard operator, though, could blame only himself when he accidentally set off the fireworks after a home run by Joe Altobelli of the Twins. Brosnan was unable to gain on the Indians because of his own ineptness. The Red Sox gave up five unearned runs, scored only six times themselves and batted .216. Camilo Pascual of Minnesota pitched two straight shutouts. His first one moved the Twins into seventh, ahead of Los Angeles, which lost six games. The Angels made 10 errors, batted .198 and the pitchers gave up an average of almost six runs a game. Kansas City moved past Washington in the fight for ninth place. Good pitching by youngsters Lew Krause and Norm Bass bolstered the Athletics. Washington won once, beating the Twins 6-4 and equalling, in that one game, their run production in their four losses.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

After being shut out only four times in 164 games, Cincinnati went scoreless twice in four. Sent the Reds moved closer to the pennant as they got just enough timely home runs and pitching. Heavy hitting by Duke Snider (.413 BA and eight RBIs) and Ron Fairly (.346) kept Los Angeles in the race. Sandy Koufax had 16 strikeouts in 15 innings, giving him 259 for the year and putting him within reach of Christy Mathewson's NL high of 267 set in 1901. San Francisco's Billy O'Dell

struck out 15 men and won two games, and reliever Stu Miller beat the Braves twice in less than 24 hours. Orlando Cepeda (.550 and four HRs), Felipe Alou (.429) and Jose Pagan (.350) supplied the hitting. Lou Burdette ended Milwaukee's losing streak at eight when he beat the Giants in a game in which he and Catcher Sammy White worked without signals. That put the Braves back in fourth, ahead of St. Louis. In a game against the Phillies it took three Cardinals to catch one fly ball. Center Fielder Curt Flood and Second Baseman Julian Javier collided as they tried to make the catch. The ball struck Javier's glove, popped into the air and finally was caught by Shortstop Jerry Buschek. Stan Musial, who started his career with the Cardinals eight months before Buschek was born, was honored on his 20th anniversary in the majors and responded with a two-run homer. Pittsburgh had only two home runs in six games and lost four. As long as the Chicago Cubs hit flurries of homers, they won. They hit four one day, three the next and won two games—their only two of the week. Philadelphia, which has now lost virtually everything, including 102 games, bade farewell to its best pitcher, Art Mahaffey, and hardest hitter Don Demeter, because of injuries.

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
Mays SF (384)	121	78	199
Robinson, Cin (210)	113	88	197
Aaron Mil (202)	114	81	193
Cepeda SF (189)	95	88	187
Bauer, Mil (201)	105	67	172
Pylon, Cin (240)	99	69	168
Clemente Pitt (254)	89	66	165
Maris New (208)	98	57	155

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Gillette Det (238)	122	91	214
Bauer NY (258)	120	91	210
Mantle NY (319)	131	74	205
Coke Det (364)	122	89	201
Gentile Det (360)	92	91	183
Kuhns Det (221)	116	56	175
Killebrew Min (288)	90	73	163
Munoz Chi (281)	95	68	163

*Deducted by subtracting RBIs from RBIs

PITCHING LEADERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Starts	CG	Team	Innings pitched
Co O Toms	54	14	Jay	718
LA Drysdale	52	14	Koufax	718
St McDowell	32	12	McDowell	622
St Burdette	34	18	Snider	621
Stl Sadecki	30	32	Sadecki	718
Pitt Firo	34	18	Gibson	610
Chi Cardwell	35	18	Cardwell	612
Phil Mahaffey	32	12	Mahaffey	612

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NY Fied	58	11	Fied	718
Det Banning	35	22	Banning	777
Balt Barber	32	34	Barber	677
Chi Roberts	31	32	Picasso	718
Cle Perry	34	30	Giant	718
Det Muschamps	30	30	Schwartz	642
Min Basso	30	35	Pascual	718
LA McBride	30	11	McBride	624
KC Shaw	37	2	Shaw	648
Wash McClain	29	1	McClain	748

Based statistics through September 23

At Home with the King of the Collies

His castle is a cabin in the California high desert. His realm is a kennel in a canyon

by WILLIAM O'HALLAREN

In thousands of American homes a generation or two ago there hung copies of a heroic painting in which a noble collie stood guard at the side of an obviously lost and frightened lamb, while a snowstorm raged about them and, on a nearby hill, a diabolic wolf howled his threats. The picture was a notable blow for the collie, almost equal to the stories of Albert Payson Terhune, which followed a little later, and which consisted, in essence, of variations of the picture's theme.

And although these are skeptical days, there are still millions who are sure the picture and Terhune were right, that here is a dog without peer at saving sheep or children and foiling evil. In the past year, despite a trend against big, long-haired dogs, the collie has risen a full notch in AKC registrations. There are collie lovers who are content merely to have a dog that looks just like Lassie. Others breed and exhibit, lecture, write books and think deep thoughts about the breed. And finally, in a lonely cabin on a commanding ridge in California's high desert lives an old man for whom collies are simply life itself.

Ted Kattell is often called the King of the Collies, and no wonder. At various times there have been upward of 50 collies frisking about Kattell's cabin, and the pack has run close to 100. For almost a quarter of a century Kattell has almost always been able to say he has more collies at his side than anyone else anywhere in the world. And during those years he has been the liveliest, stormiest figure in the collie world, a perpetual one-man commotion.

Kattell is a deceptively mild-appearing old fellow, his rugged frame, at 74, beginning to show a slight stoop, but his

voice still hearty enough to shout down his most exuberant young dog. His cabin looks like a small boy's dream of the untidiness that could be achieved in a life without women.

The cabin is on a height in Vasquez Rocks, named for an outlaw who used to hide thereabouts. If he were alive today he could still hide there because the canyons and cliffs of the area are still lonely and largely unknown, even though the Los Angeles city hall

is hardly more than 50 miles away.

For visitors to Borco, which is the name of both the retreat and the kennel, Kattell offers a favorite entertainment. He puts the company on a vantage point looking down a 500-foot canyon side. He gives a signal, a gate springs open and his pack goes shrieking and baying around the rocks and into the depths like so many flashing demons. If a rabbit is routed, the yelping ricochets from canyon walls like a berserk hi-fi.

continued



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King of the Collies *continued*

If the visitors have the leg power, Kattell will take them down the canyon in pursuit of the pack. In time, after mysterious turns and bends, there is a tiny, hurrying creek which suddenly opens into a rock pool at the base of a 200-foot stone overhang. The dogs have already lapped at the water, and a few clowns among them have jumped in and paddled around. When it is time to return, Kattell calls just once to his lead dog, a grand old fellow named Roger Bright. Roger falls in step at Kattell's side, and the pack trots dutifully behind. Occasionally Roger will turn a quick, commanding look to his rear, and stragglers scamper into place.

Promised land for dogs

Whatever humans may think of the harsh surroundings, Borco is a promised land for dogs. His collies never feel a leash, never know the confinements of a kennel. In their lean, weathered, unkempt looks they resemble the working dogs of Scotland more than the glistening, pampered collies of U.S. show rings.

Kattell's critics, of whom he has had his share, complain that the shaggy, half-wild dogs give a bad impression to casual visitors, who make the trip expecting to see a collection of Lassies. "What should I do?" he asks. "Go out and wash 50 dogs every Saturday night?"

In 1902 Kattell, who came from a line of Yankee traders, was sent off to sailing school. At that time the school system of New York City owned an old wooden sailing vessel, a retired sloop of war named the *Sr. Mary's*, which was used to train promising youngsters for the sea. Kattell spent two years aboard the *Sr. Mary's*, including a pair of round trips to Europe.

Though he liked the sea, he found ships have a grievous defect. You can't play baseball on them. At about the time he was becoming a second-year man on the *Sr. Mary's*, and thereby entitled to the rank of old mug, with the privilege of being waited upon by first-year scholars (new mugs), he was also becoming aware of the enticing world of sports in general, and baseball in particular.

Sailing back from Southampton on his final cruise, he made a decision a lot of 15-year-olds have made—he would devote his life to sports. The difference in Kattell's case was that he never wavered from that decision in the nearly 60 years that followed—years that saw him plung-

ing ecstatically into, in turn, baseball, boxing, basketball, golf and collies.

For a period of better than 20 years, Kattell earned his living chiefly by playing baseball in the summer and basketball in the winter. Those were the days when sports events were almost entirely home-town affairs, when the Binghamton, New York team was the only baseball team that people of Binghamton really gave a hoot about. Major leagues were in existence, of course, but they hadn't begun to devour the minor and semipro leagues. And actually, with one thing and another, a journeyman semipro like Kattell made about as much money as most professional players, with considerably less effort.

In those innocent days townspeople supported their athletes in a cooperative way, like a local militia. Kattell would breeze into a town on a bright Saturday afternoon in May and make his way to the local ball field. He would exhibit some clippings to whatever dignitary seemed in charge, and would then volunteer to pitch to the local Casey. Casey would almost always strike out—Kattell would usually blow a fast one a quarter of an inch past Casey's chin, and then, with the mighty one suitably enraged, two more fast ones just beyond the end of his bat, and when he caught on to that, a final, infuriating, slow one.

After that the civic dignitary would announce that Kattell was the new starting pitcher, at \$5 or \$10 a winning start. But he would also see to it that Kattell went to work in the dry goods store, at the prevailing wages, but better than the prevailing hours, with board and room at sharply reduced rates.

He played basketball through the winter under much the same conditions. At 6 feet 1, he played center, because he was usually the tallest man on his team or even the floor. Those were the days of the standing guard, the center jump after every basket and other cautions, which made basketball more a defensive game and less a mad, faster-than-the-eyes-cramble. Thirty-five or 40 points would usually win, and a skilled center like Kattell, who was good for 15 or so points a game, was a priceless community asset.

In 1910 Kattell drifted to California on word that basketball fever was unusually high there, and indeed it was. In 1911 he played on the Los Angeles YMCA team that won the state semipro championship, and 12 years later, when he was

a mellow 36, he was center for the Riverside YMCA team that captured the same championship. Between those dates Kattell made a couple of forays back to New York and one into the Navy, where he was commissioned an ensign in honor of his days in sailing school.

In his mid-30s, Kattell, who had also had some brief and painful flings at boxing and wrestling, became entranced with the problem of knocking a small ball into a small hole with small wands. Again he excelled. He won many small golf tournaments, and he became the resident pro at a Riverside, Calif. club. Then, in the space of a few months, his wife and 5-year-old son died of the same rare brain disease. It is a tragedy he never discusses. An older daughter continued to live with relatives in Riverside, but Kattell moved on again in his lonely way.

From golf to collies

At 50 he suddenly decided he was losing his long drive and, as quickly as that, gave up golf. He was and still is chronically unable to compete at anything at which he can't beat the best. That year, upset and dependent, he bought a collie for companionship. The dog pleased him, and he went to the library in Van Nuys, Calif., then his home, to read about collies. He realized that dog breeding and exhibiting is also a sport. He bought more collies and sailed into shows.

His Van Nuys neighbors greeted the new collie breeder in their midst with about the same enthusiasm they might have felt for a night school for blacksmiths. In time Kattell was hauled before a judge, who told him the collies had to go. Kattell decided instead to shake the neighbors, and led his little pack to the Vasquez Rocks cabin, where the view was unlimited and the neighbor problem minimal. Kattell's nearest neighbor to one side raises bears, and the nearest on another is the proprietor of a prop fortress and adjoining battlefield used for making the *Beau Geste* type of movie, and both the bear raiser and the movie-set landlord are at such a distance that when all Kattell's dogs howl at once nether can hear a sound.

Kattell started his kennel with a handsome youngster named Black Douglas of Alstead, whom he bought from an eastern breeder. The collie was all black except for a touch of sable about the muzzle and a majestic white ruff, which he wore like a dress shirt. He also bought

continued



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King of the Collies *continued*

four quality brood matrons, and they and Black Douglas quickly formed a collie dynasty at Borco.

For years Borco dogs were a force in show rings across the nation and were especially powerful in the West. The master not only showed his dogs but traveled incessantly to judge other people's collies and to lecture to collie owners. A book he wrote on collies is still widely circulated and highly regarded.

The dogs which frisk about Vasquez Rocks today are in direct line from the great champion, darkly colored, with perfectly tipped ears and lithe, floating movement. Sometimes a youngster, taking a pose on a ledge, will remind visitors of Black Douglas, and Kattell still gets letters and visits from people with fond memories of the old champion.

After the Borco kennel had battled its way to the top, Kattell's next steps were somewhat like a manager who leads his team to a World Series title and then sets out to make some corrections in the baseball commissioner's office.

Hell-raising reform

As Kattell puts it, "I was shocked when I found out how the collie game was run. What it amounted to was hometown officiating." As both a victim and recipient of hometown officiating in his baseball and basketball days, Kattell felt he knew whereof he spoke.

"He raised more hell and more huckles than any other breeder who ever lived," one friend says in reasoned assessment. Kattell has a commanding voice, and a manner of expressing opinions that, in the words of Kendrick Martin, publisher of a magazine called *Collie Crier*, "soured the old fogies half to death."

As Kattell saw it, a very important breeders in each community controlled the local collie club and decided which judges would be brought in for the next show. "One breeder would have a dog with a good head, and so everyone would decide it's Mabel's turn to win, and they'd bring in Judge So-and-So, who's a head hunter, and sure enough, Mabel's must would take the show."

There is a standard approved by the AKC for judging collies, a standard which prescribes the ideal for every inch of the animal. But, says Kattell, "there are judges who don't give a damn about the standard. They're only looking for good eyes, or a good muzzle, or the right



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hindquarters. There was a judge once used to measure tails, and the dog with the longest tail always won."

Kattell opened war for a point system, a system whereby a judge could give, say, only 10 points for good eyes, no matter how dearly that particular judge valued good eyes. To Kattell, trained in the rigid arithmetic of other sports, the point system seemed too logical to countenance resistance. He reckoned without his contemporaries.

The dominant powers in the collie world, as in most of the specialized dog worlds, believe that if an idea is good, 50 years or so of aging can't help but improve it. There are ideas under consideration by some breed committees first advanced in the last century and not likely to be disposed of with finality until the next.

Kattell quickly discovered, to his delight, that while his fellow breeders were cautious about his views, they joyously shared his love for contention. Kattell began to write an immensely popular column for a breeder publication, a column which had as its trademark, fittingly, a boxing glove headed for a chin. One breeder took space in the publication to describe Kattell's point system as "half-baked" and "high-handed," and "motivated by special self-interests to perpetuate incompetent and fraudulent collie evaluations," which gives an idea of how discussions are sometimes carried on in the purebred dog world.

His battle for a point system raged, with a constant ebbing and flowing of positions, until 1957, when he scored a major breakthrough. The Collie Club of America named him head of a special committee to draw up such a system, and the same year the breeders, in a nationwide poll, chose Kattell their man of the year.

For years Kattell has been a fixture at almost any major showing of collies west of the Rockies, and he is one of the few humans at a show capable of stealing attention from the dogs. For shows he wears "the uniform," a pair of casually pressed slacks of an indefinite color and pattern and a snappy sports coat of a cut that was big on the campus when goldfish-swallowing was in season. If the occasion is overwhelmingly important, he will add a white shirt and tie, but a sport shirt is far more likely. The small bit that is left of his grayed frizzle will be carefully brushed, and his face

continued

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King of the Collies *continued*

will express the utmost benevolence, no matter what the provocation.

At these appearances a devoted band of admirers customarily attaches to him, and listens eagerly to whatever critiques he offers. Of late those critiques have become increasingly mild, and the responses of the fancy correspondingly warm, with ladies bussing his weathered cheeks and men beaming at him, especially if he volunteers a kind word about their dogs.

Because of his age, and the innumerable difficulties and expenses involved, Kattell has reluctantly stopped showing his own dogs, and keeps his pack almost entirely for the pleasure of having swarms of collies at his feet. He sometimes sells dogs, but it is hardly a businesslike operation. Should a casual purchaser wander to Borco and cast eyes upon a particular dog, Kattell will sometimes think of a dozen reasons why that particular dog is indispensable.

Some time ago when Borco dogs were gathering in ribbons and cups across the country, an eastern breeder offered \$750 for a promising young male, a princely sum as collie prices go. Kattell, though he then had more than 80 dogs on the premises, stalled and hedged and finally refused. The breeder departed, trailing blue smoke. Kattell, who didn't have \$750 to his name at that time, says: "I wanted that dog more than he did."

Borco dogs share the master's disdain for the effete life. Not so long ago he sold Julie, a lighthearted young blue merle bitch. The new owners bathed, clipped and groomed Julie and introduced her to grassy yards, thick carpets and rich foods. Her reaction was to sit in a corner and whimper. In time the family gave up and brought her back. When the car was still a mile away, Julie began to scratch and cry in excitement, and when the car stopped, Julie shook loose, jumped the fence and into Kattell's arms and then rolled exuberantly in the dust.

Kattell is able to indulge his passion for dogs chiefly because he lives alone and his wages are tin-plate simple. For years he worked for a dog food concern, and his wages were chiefly in trade.

Aside from canyon-hopping, the chief entertainment at Borco comes from the rattlesnakes, a breed of arrogant pioneers who claim prior rights to the entire high desert. You might think 50 or more big dogs roaming freely would drive the rattlers out. Nothing of the

sort. They do not propose to be driven out by anyone, and are quite as hardy and prolific as anyone's dogs.

About 3 one recent morning Kattell was awakened by his pack in full cry. What's more, the cries were around and under his cabin. He listened some more, and then he heard the familiar clicking beneath him. He took flashlight and hoe and crawled under the cabin. A fat and sassy rattler was coiled there, hissing its defiance and daring just one dog to come within range. Kattell did crawl within range and dispatched the serpent with a good forehead stroke, to the immense satisfaction of the audience.

A scrappy rattler

Pack rats once found a way into the trunk of his car and devoured a new sack of meal stored there. Kattell resolved to teach them a lesson. He caught a scrappy rattler and put it in the trunk, along with a supply of water and the hope it would soon be dining on pack rat. The next day, starting a long trip, he was moved to have fun with a filling station attendant. "I want to show you something," he said, and opened the trunk. Nothing. Kattell immediately began a meticulous search of the car, but no sign of the anti-pack-rat force.

The next night, returning home from his trip, he switched on the dome light and reached into the back for some forgotten item. He didn't reach far. There was the rattler, curled on the back seat, buzzing with indignation that the journey was ending.

Sitting in front of his cabin of a summer evening, the harsh peaks now soft and blue in the distance, Kattell concedes that he has let a hobby and sport possess his life. "But how else," he muses, "could a man like me, living all alone, have so many friends?"

"Classing the dogs as friends?"

"No. The people I meet because of the dogs. The people who come up here to see me and the dogs. The people who invite me to shows and meetings. The people who write. . ."

At Kattell's feet, Roger Bright listened intently while at a greater distance a circle of collies watched both Kattell and Roger to see what it all meant. Kattell reached over and stroked Roger's handsome mahogany head, besily rubbed the soft, tulipated ears. "It gets to be a chore at times, but it's still fun. Eh, Roger?"

Roger yawned contentedly.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UNDERSTANDING

Sirs:

The *Last Race of Count Crash* (Sept. 18) is a great article. From the shock of the lead sentence to the closing, almost pathetic quote from Phil Hill, this is real understanding of the sport.

RICHARD L. KNUDSON
Mechanic Falls, Me.

GOOD SCOUTS

Sirs:

Your editorial gang did a superb job on the Football issue (Sept. 18). Mervin Hyman's lead story, *Brain, Agility and a Big Game*, in particular, was one helluva good piece of writing.

DANNY HILL
New York City

Sirs:

Missouri did not win 11 games. They lost one to their oldest rivals, the Kansas Jayhawkers.

J. M. KAVANAUGH
Evanson, Ill.

● After beating Missouri on the field, Kansas was later forced to forfeit the victory when Halfback Bert Coan was declared ineligible.—ED.

Sirs:

In the scouting reports you say, "Without Coan the Jayhawkers lack true break-away speed," with not a word about Halfback Curt McClinton.

Then in FOOTBALL'S WEEK you find McClinton "running as if he thinks he's Red Grange." Glad you looked again.

HAL EVANS
Laredo, Kans.

Sirs:

You stated that Louisiana State University tied Mississippi with two field goals last season. If you will take the trouble to check you will see that LSU scored a touchdown and that was Ole Miss who struggled back in the last few minutes of the game to tie it up with a field goal.

JOHN N. VINET
New Orleans

AND SMALL BEEPS

Sirs:

Thanks very much for explaining what a "small college" is. We are proud here in Ohio that Heidelberg and Muskingum were good enough in 1960 to be included in the

22 small colleges mentioned among 624 such schools extant.

MILLS O. KING

Ashland, Ohio

Sirs:

You omitted Humboldt State College (Arcata, Calif.) which last year had an unbeaten and untied record.

RAY FLYNN

Eureka, Calif.

Sirs:

Northern Michigan College defeated Hillsdale (rated) 29-6 and fought Lenoir-Rhyne (also rated) to a 20-20 tie in the NAIA playoff only to lose by yardage. Had you scouted Northern this year you would have found an even stronger team.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN A.C.

Marquette, Mich.

BACK TO FRANÇOIS

Sirs:

Awk! Here we go again, but this time it's football (*A Freshman's View*, Sept. 18). Back to France with you, Andre François!

JOHN R. WOOLSEY

Mount Vernon, Ill.

Sirs:

I was horrified.

BETTY McLAUGHLIN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I don't know much about art, but I know what I like—and I like André. The paintings are new.

KARL DRAGER

Worthington, Mass.

Sirs:

May I ask why you persist in lousing up a perfectly good sports magazine with those juvenile puns? My 5-year-old can do every bit as well.

ART MORAN

Cincinnati

● For 46-year-old François' reply to rival 5-year-old, see right.—ED.

THE BEST?

Sirs:

Even if you don't dare to name the eleven best eleven this year, I do.

The best: Penn State (10-0), Alabama (9-1), Texas (9-1), Kansas (9-1), UCLA (9-1), Louisiana State (9-1), Michigan (8-1),

Syracuse (8-2), Iowa (8-1), Ohio State (8-1) and, yes, good old Notre Dame (8-2).

BARRY E. MILLER

State College, Pa.

TRACK WET

Sirs:

Concerning "A Dip in the Odds" (SCORECARD, Sept. 18), thank Nautigul and not Puss n Boots for the thousand and second way to lose a horse race. Racing as a 3-year-old filly in 1956 at Atlantic City, Nautigul held a two-length lead coming into the stretch. Suddenly she veered, plunged into the lake and drowned.

RUS KURCHES

Farmington, Conn.

BEST DESCRIPTION

Sirs:

After watching the U.S. amateurs play, I thought your article *Amateur and Girls Are Best* (Sept. 18) described them perfectly.

JIM WIEDER

Elkins Park, Pa.

DISORGANIZATION MAN

Sirs:

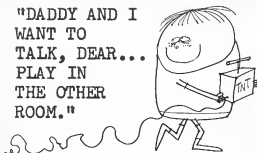
Apparently it is quite all right with you if Charles O. Finley owns the Kansas City Athletics as long as he doesn't act like he owns them. Your disparagement of Finley in your item "The Big O" (SCORECARD, Sept. 4) for personally roasting to the attack made on him in *The Kansas City Star* by Sports Editor Ernest Mehl is a typical reaction of the corporation mentality that afflicts so many today. This type of thinking distrusts the individual owner of a business who takes a direct and active part in his business. In this day of corporate encroachment it is refreshing to have watched Charles O. Finley rise from poor factory worker to millionaire through individual initiative, imagination and hard work—an American success story that could only happen in America but which too few Americans appreciate.

continued



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19TH HOLE *continued*

For you to say that Finley has no respect for the sport is ridiculous. It is saying that he has no respect for the sweat and sacrifice that he poured into the making of the \$5 million that he paid for the Athletics.

BURNETT C. BAUER

South Bend, Ind.

Supra-

Earlier you published a long article calling Mr Finley a "baseball revolutionary" (*Charlie Finley and Bugs Bunny in K.C.*, June 5). Now you call him a zero.

JEFF JOHNSON

Murfreesboro, Tenn.

NEW ERA

Sire:

Herman Waskopf's consideration of the importance of relief pitchers (*BASEBALL WEEK*, Sept. 11) notes that leaders in earned run average were Broshan, Miller, Arroyo and Lown, all relievers. I have some observations on the significance of the ERA as the measure of effectiveness for pitchers who relieve in mid-inning.

With one or more out at the time he enters the inning, a reliever needs only to retire the remaining one or two men in order to "get out of the inning," and is therefore charged with a minimum of earned runs. A starter does not have this advantage. For example, let us say that Whitey Ford begins an inning and allows three runners to reach base (no errors) while he retires two men. Arroyo then relieves, allows three more batters to reach base before he gets the third out. Ford's ERA for his performance in this inning is 40.50, while Arroyo's, even though he has been less effective, is 0.00 if he leaves the bases loaded.

It may be argued, of course, that a relief pitcher may help the starter's ERA by leaving the original runners stranded. This is true, but the relief pitcher himself has the opportunity to be rescued from this sort of jam by a second reliever.

A statistic which corrects this inequality is a type of inverse batting average that compares the number of outs a pitcher gets, or should have got without errors, per number of batters he faces. I have arrived at a rough average by multiplying innings pitched by three to determine outs, then adding bats and walks to determine, roughly, the number of batters faced. Included are pitchers with 10 or more decisions including games of September 8 as listed by *The New York Times*, September 10.

AL		NL	
Donovan, Wash	.744	Podres, LA	.772
Arroyo, NY	.742	Face, Pitt	.737
Brown, Balt	.737	Brosnan, Can	.735
Terry, NY	.735	Schultz, Chi	.734
Hall, Balt	.733	Müller, SF	.731

By contrast, ERAs at the same date were:

	AL	NL
Arroyo, NY	1.92	Schultz, Chi 2.21
Wilchup, Ark	2.38	Miller, SF 2.62
Donovan, Wash	2.40	Spahn, Mil 2.75
Stefford, NY	2.47	Perranoski, LA 2.96
Moss, Det	2.57	Brosnan, Cin 3.04

Joe Collops

Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

SOLID SELL

Gwilym S. Brown's article on Gopher Insurance Salesman Deane Benin sadly states, "As long as his golf is good, other golfers will buy from him" ("It Sold Her to Clink," Sept. 11). Such a situation further substantiates the fact that society operates in a mental vacuum and is truly on the intellectual level of a 12-year-old, as claimed by eminent sociologists.

FRANK B. CHRISTOPHER

Falls Church, Va.

SCAT SUN

Your feature on Jimmy Conzelmann (*How to Take a Breatht Apat*, Sept. 18) is one of the most heartwarming in years.

Jimmy is quoted as saying, "As far as I know, I have never heard anybody else sing the song, or even express a desire to do so."

Many southern Californians will fondly remember an agile Negro entertainer billed as "The Scat Man," who used to sing the same song on a weekly TV show emanating from Los Angeles in the early '50s. However, Scat Man sang it in a more rhythmic style: "I'm the only man alive can break a bun in half. And put it back together like it was."

JAMES T. PAUL

Sacramento

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brings you a totally new viewing experience:



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FRENCH PROVINCIAL MAPLE

Philco Vivid Vision brings to the TV screen a brilliance, depth and clarity never before attained! For the first time, the full range of contrast is visible on the TV screen—from absolute black through pure white, including all the important intermediate tones that create detail and dimension. You see television with an over-all richness, a vitality your present TV set couldn't match even when new! New solid-copper circuitry and the exclusive INTENSITUBE make Vivid Vision possible. These new Philco advances provide the reserve power that enables Vivid Vision to keep its new-set brilliance and vividness long after other pictures fade with age!



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NEWMAN PRODUCTS
Divisions of White Laboratories, Inc., Elwood, Indiana



PAT ON THE BACK



BOB OSIECKI

Mad dog on the track

This monster is not—as it appears to be—a four-wheeled airplane gone wrong but a winged automobile gone right. So right, in fact, that last summer the *Mad Dog IV* set a new world closed-track record of 181.561 mph at Daytona Beach, Fla. "The whole secret is in the wings," says Bob Osiecki, the 40-year-old veteran of the racing business who worked and studied for years to perfect the monster. "I knew 180 could be equaled or bettered on the Daytona track, but it was no easy task. Finally I realized aerody-

namic control was the correct answer."

The control was achieved largely by mounting an airplane's wings upside down on the car. Thus, instead of taking to the air, it dug its wheels firmly into the dirt to provide extra traction. When busily Driver Art Malone piloted *Mad Dog* to its record after endless trial and error, Builder Osiecki, who looks like a wrestler, kissed him unashamedly. "I knew we'd do it," he said, and he didn't even mind that the \$10,000 prize he won was just \$25,000 short of what it cost him.

(continued from front flap of this insert)

"We can and do attribute this unusual achievement of the Strato Chief to a number of things—but among them, I am sure, is the fact that it's advertised regularly in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, and if advertising can produce results, your magazine would have to get the credit, because the combination of our exclusive *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* schedule and the Strato Chief has certainly been a winning one.

"I can only add that our decision last Fall to concentrate on *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was a good one. It has become increasingly evident that the families you reach do an inordinate amount of driving and trip-making, as part of their active lives, and that they both value and can afford the style and safety that are obtainable from driving on premium tires."

* * *

Here's another one: This time from an enterprise that makes sales by following up inquiries. It is from Mr. H. A. Yoard, President of General Development Company, whose 8-page color insert I think I called to your attention when it appeared in these pages last Spring:

"I have the figures on our March 27th advertisement, and we are quite impressed with the pulling power of your magazine.

"Our 8-page, full color insert in the Eastern and Mid-western Regional issues of *SI* pulled just over 8,000 return Charter Guest Cards, requesting information and rates. A lot of your readers were just scouting, of course—you don't make a decision on what might become your permanent vacation or Florida retirement home in just a few days.

"But literally hundreds of the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* families who received our literature were either interested enough to make a special trip to Port St. Lucie or to make a stop at our multi-million-dollar resort during part of their vacation. Our management says you could almost tell when a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* family would drive up, from the good looks of the car, the clothes, the luggage, and the equipment of the people in it. Their registrations indicated that they were executives and professional people for the most part, and their home addresses showed that they were no strangers to suburban and country club living.

"They stayed for as long as four weeks, and many of them cancelled their plans to go elsewhere. Our records indicate that both rentals and home sales jumped sharply at Port St. Lucie Country Club immediately following publication of our advertisement in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

"Such guests seem to be the kind of families we are most anxious to have here, and the kind who most appreciate the wonderful facilities for golf on our two 18-hole championship courses, swimming, fishing, fun and relaxation that we offer at the Port St. Lucie Country Club. In summary, we think that the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* insert was an excellent investment for us."

* * *

From Mr. Yoard's letter it seems clear that our subscribers appre-

(continued on back page)



(continued from preceding page)

ciate traveling to pleasant places as much as I do. And apparently those of you who are in the travel business appreciate this activity of our subscribers. Our Travel Advertising Manager, Jim Kridel, recently sent out a box score of magazines' performance in the first half of '61. Among the top 20 magazines in travel ad pages, the best gains in both pages and dollars invested were made by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. In fact, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's travel advertising was \$213,000 ahead of the same period in 1960.

The Port St. Lucie management was impressed by our subscribers' home addresses which showed that "they were no strangers to suburban and country club living." One of my colleagues around here made the same discovery a few weeks ago when he asked to take a look at our subscriber list for his home town, Rye, New York. He studied the list carefully, then reported:

"I am most impressed with the quality of the Rye subscribers' gallery list which you sent me. As a relatively old Rye settler myself, I can assure you that through the names on this list you could accomplish almost anything you want in Rye—get elected to office, sell more cars, put the United Fund over its goal, you name it. These are real leaders, not only in their tidy little home community, but in vast areas beyond. Without them on your side you would be advised to lower your sights, whatever your target."

I'm sorry we're not able to mail out subscriber galleys to all of you, but next time you see your friendly SPORTS ILLUSTRATED salesman, you might ask to look at the list for your own community. Wherever you live, wherever and whatever you sell, you'll find them the kind of people you would like to have on your side . . . and I personally am ambitious to put them there.

Pete Callaway



Tempest
'62
is
here!



Fancy mover! Gas-saving 4-cylinder engine delivers Pontiac-brand performance in horsepower ranging from 110 to 140. Extra-cost: 4-barrel, 166 h.p. "four" or 185 h.p. V-8. Automatic trans or 4-speed floor shift. • Independent springing front and rear. Each 15" wheel moves up and down independently of the opposite wheel. Rides flat and level. • The only American car with a front engine/rear transmission. Biting traction on bricks or mud. • Plush new series—the LeMans (Luh-mahnz)—makes the scene this year in sharp Convertible and Coupe body styles. Bucket seats, full carpeting. Take one out.

The gas-saving "4" with Pontiac Punch!

Drive America's only front engine/rear transmission car...it's balanced like none of the others!



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